

STORIES RETOLD

A TALE OF TWO CITIES



AT LAST A WHITE FLAG WAS SHOWN FROM WITHIN THE FORTRESS

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

CHARLES DICKENS

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WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS
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BOOK I

THE DOCTOR OF BEAUVAIS

CHAPTER I

MISS MANETTE HEARS OF HER FATHER

IN 1789 took place the first startling event of the French Revolution—the capture of the prison of the Bastille in Paris by an angry mob, and the liberation of several prisoners who had been victims of the tyranny of the aristocrats. This was, however, but the outbreak of forces that had been gathering strength for years; oppression of the poor by the rich nobles had driven the people into a frenzy that was all the more terrible because it had been for so long kept back by fear.

On a dismal November day in 1775, fourteen years before this event, a gentleman arrived at an inn in Dover and asked for accommodation to be made for a young lady. This gentleman was Mr. Jarvis Lorry, a member of Tellson's Bank in London, a bank that transacted much business between London and Paris. He had been sent by his firm to conduct a certain young lady to Paris, and there carry through an unusual and delicate piece of family business.

After he had rested for a time he heard the rattling of wheels in the street, and in a few minutes the waiter announced that Miss Manette had arrived and would be glad to see the gentleman from Tellson's Bank.

He went to her room and there saw standing to receive him a young lady of not more than seventeen years of age. His eyes rested on a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look; and as he gazed, a sudden, vivid likeness passed before his mind of a child whom

he had held in his arms on the passage across the Channel years ago.

'Pray take a seat, sir,' she said in a clear young voice, a little foreign in its accent, but a very little indeed.

Mr. Lorry made his old-fashioned bow and took his seat. She then continued:

'I received a letter from the Bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some intelligence—or discovery—respecting the small property of my poor dead father, whom I never saw, rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, and there communicate with a gentleman of the Bank, who would be sent for the purpose.'

'I am that gentleman,' said Mr. Lorry.

She curtsied to him with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she. He made her another bow.

'I replied to the Bank, sir, that as it was considered necessary that I should go to France, and that as I am an orphan and have no friend who could go with me, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection.'

'I was happy,' said Mr. Lorry, 'to be entrusted with the charge. I shall be more happy to execute it.'

'Sir, I thank you indeed. I thank you very gratefully. I was told by the Bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business, and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are.'

As Mr. Lorry was wondering how he might best explain the nature of the business in hand, Miss Manette suddenly asked him if he were quite a stranger to her. Mr. Lorry, however, thought it better to refrain from telling her yet of his previous acquaintance with her, and commenced his narrative.

'Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business duty to perform; don't think of me as a human being with human sympathies, but rather as a machine

that can speak. Truly, I am not much else. I will now, with your leave, relate to you the story of one of our clients.

'He was a French gentleman, a man of great acquirements—a doctor.'

'Not of Beauvais?' asked Miss Manette.

'Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was well known in Paris. I had the honour of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. That was twenty years ago, when I was in our French House.

'He married—an English lady—and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers. These are mere business relations, Miss Manette; there is no friendship in them, no particular interest, nothing like sentiment. I have passed from one to another, in the course of my business life, just as I pass from one of our customers to another in the course of my business day; in short, I have no feelings; I am a mere machine. To go on——'

'But this is my father's story, sir; and I begin to think'—she looked very intently upon him—'that when I was left an orphan through my mother's surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you.'

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that she confidently advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips.

'Miss Manette, it *was* I. And you will see how truly I spoke of myself just now, in saying I had no feelings, and that all the relations I hold with my fellow-creatures are mere business relations, when you reflect that I have never seen you since. No; you have been the ward of Tellson's House since, and I have been busy with the other business

of Tellson's House since. Feelings ! I have no time for them, no chance of them.'

He then resumed his story.

'So far, as you have remarked, this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had not died when he did—— Don't be frightened ! How you start !'

She did, indeed, start at the thought that her father might perhaps, after all, not have died, and she caught his wrist with both her hands.

'Pray control your imagination,' said Mr. Lorry in a soothing tone, 'it is a mere matter of business. As I was saying, if Monsieur Manette had not died ; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared ; if he had been spirited away ; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place, though no ingenuity could trace him ; if he had an enemy in some fellow-countryman who could exercise the terrible privilege of filling up blank forms which would ensure the consignment of any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time ; if his wife had implored the king, the queen, the court, the clergy, for any tidings of him, and all quite in vain ;—then the history of your father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the Doctor of Beauvais.'

'I entreat you to tell me more, sir.'

'I will. I am going to. You can bear it ?'

'I can bear anything but the uncertainty you leave me in at this moment.'

'Now this doctor's wife had suffered so intensely from this uncertainty as to her husband's fate before her little child was born——'

'The little child was a daughter, sir,' interposed Miss Manette.

'Yes, a daughter. The poor lady, I was saying, had suffered so intensely before her little daughter was born that she determined to spare the child that agonizing uncertainty by bringing her up in the belief that her father was dead. And when she died, having gained no information as to your father's fate, she left you at two years of

age to grow up, blooming, beautiful, and happy, without the dark cloud over you of living in doubt whether your father had soon died in prison, or was still wasting away after many years.

'You know that your parents had no great wealth, and that what they had was secured to your mother and you. There has been no new discovery of money or property; but——'

He felt his wrist held closer, and he stopped. The expression in her forehead deepened into one of pain and horror as she realized what was to follow.

'But he has been—been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable; almost a wreck, it is possible; though we will hope for the best. Nevertheless he is alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there: I, to identify him if I can; you, to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort.'

A shiver ran through her frame as she understood that she would never see her father as he had been in his prime; it would only be the ghost of his old self after those eighteen terrible years of lonely and undeserved imprisonment in a dungeon of the Bastille.

She said, in a low, distinct, awe-stricken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream,

'I am going to see his Ghost! It will be his Ghost—not he himself!'

Mr. Lorry quietly took the hands that held his arm. 'There, there, there! See now, see now! The best and the worst are known to you now. You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman, and, with a fair sea voyage, and a fair land journey, you will be soon at his dear side.'

'Only one thing more,' continued Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome means of enforcing her attention: 'he has been found under another name; his own has been long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to inquire which; worse than useless to seek to know whether he has been for years overlooked, or always designedly held prisoner.'

It would be worse than useless now to make any inquiries, because it would be dangerous. It is better not to mention the subject, anywhere or in any way, and to remove him—for a while at all events—out of France. Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Tellson's, important as they are because of the money they advance to the State, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. This is a secret service altogether. But what is the matter? She doesn't notice a word! Miss Manette!'

She had swooned away, and sat perfectly still and silent, yet with her eyes open and fixed upon him, and with that last expression of mingled pain and horror branded, as it were, into her forehead.

CHAPTER II

THE WINE-SHOP IN PARIS

THE suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris was covered with gloom. It was not merely the gloom of winter; there was not only cold, but dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want. Everywhere there was hunger and want; in every street, in every house, in every face. And above all in one narrow, winding street that was most full of offence and evil odour. All visible things had on them a brooding look that seemed to bode ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not lacking among them; nor determined lips and foreheads. Nothing seemed in a flourishing condition except the making of tools and weapons; but the cutlers' knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smiths' hammers were heavy, and the gunmakers' stock was murderous.

At a corner in this street stood a wine-shop better than most of the other shops in its appearance. The keeper of

THE WINE-SHOP IN PARIS

the wine-shop, Defarge by name, was a bull-necked man of about thirty years. A dark man, good-humoured looking on the whole, but implacable-looking too ; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose.

Madame Defarge, his wife, was sitting in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand with heavy rings, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicted that she would not often make mistakes against herself in any of the money matters over which she presided. Madame Defarge, being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not so as to conceal her large earrings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her husband came in, but simply coughed once. This, in combination with the lifting of her dark eyebrows, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about, until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there : two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, ' This is our man.'

But he pretended not to notice the two strangers, and talked with the three customers who were drinking at the counter. When these men had paid for the wine and had gone, the elderly gentleman, who was Mr. Jarvis Lorry, advanced from his corner and begged the favour of a word with the wine-shop keeper.

'Willingly, sir,' said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their talk was very short, but almost at the first word Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they too went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and—apparently—saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in a doorway a short distance away. It opened from a little black courtyard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done; a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humour in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man. For Defarge, as a boy, had been a servant of Dr. Manette, and his wife was the sister of a peasant girl who had been ruined by a heartless profligate of noble birth, and of a boy who was killed in avenging that wrong.

Every sight and thought of the old Doctor, the innocent victim of aristocratic oppression, now a mere wreck of humanity, having lost all his memory, and even his desire for life, after those eighteen years of solitary confinement made more implacable the bitter resentment and fierce spirit of rebellion in the hearts of Defarge and his wife.

When the Doctor was at length liberated he was received and sheltered by them, and they thought fit to allow glimpses of the wrecked old man to certain of their associates whose hatred of the upper classes was known; thus was the revolutionary ardour of many fanned into a flame that could not be quenched.

'Is he always alone?' whispered Mr. Lorry.

'Yes,' replied Defarge.

'Of his own desire?'

'Of his own necessity. As he was when I first received him from his prison, so he is now.'

'He is greatly changed?'

'Changed!'

The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct affirmative could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

At last the top of the staircase was gained, and Defarge took a key from his pocket, for, as he explained in answer to Mr. Lorry's question, the Doctor had been so accustomed to living in a locked room that he would be frightened and come to some harm if his door were left open.

By this time Miss Manette was trembling with emotion, and her face showed such terror and dread that Mr. Lorry had to reassure her.

'Courage, dear lady. Think of all the good that you will bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness that you will bring.'

Defarge opened the door, deliberately making much noise with the key, and beckoned them to enter. He then closed the door and locked it on the inside, again making all the noise that he could. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a storeroom for firewood and the like, was dim and dark: for the window of dormer shape was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street, without glass, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To keep out the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a small amount of light was admitted through these means that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one the ability to do any work

requiring accuracy in such darkness. Yet work of that kind was being done in the garret; for, with his back towards the door, and his face towards the window, where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

CHAPTER III

THE SHOEMAKER'S GARRET

'GOOD DAY!' said Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

The head was raised for a moment, and a faint voice answered the greeting:

'Good day!'

'You are still hard at work, I see?'

After a long silence the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, 'Yes—I am working.' This time a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and poor food no doubt had their part in it. Its sad peculiarity was that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was that it was like a voice underground.

Some minutes passed in silence.

'I want,' said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, 'to let in a little more light here. Can you bear a little more?'

The shoemaker stopped his work; looked with a vacant air of listening at the floor on one side of him; then



A WHITE-HAIRED MAN SAT ON A LOW BENCH . . . MAKING SHOES

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similarly at the floor on the other side of him ; then upward at the speaker.

‘ What did you say ? ’

‘ Can you bear a little more light ? ’

‘ I must bear it, if you let it in. ’ (Laying a slight stress upon the second word.)

The opened half-door was opened a little farther, and fastened at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labour. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face would have caused them to look large under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, even if they had been really otherwise ; but they were naturally large, and looked larger still. His yellow shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old canvas coat, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull, uniform parchment-yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound ; he never spoke without first wandering in this manner and forgetting to speak.

‘ Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day ? ’ asked Defarge, beckoning to Mr. Lorry to come forward.

‘ What did you say ? ’

‘ Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to-day ? ’

‘ I can’t say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don’t know. ’

But the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood for a minute or two by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure.

'You have a visitor, you see,' said Monsieur Defarge.

'What did you say?'

'Here is a visitor.'

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

'Come!' said Defarge. 'Here is a gentleman. Show him the shoe you are making. Take it, monsieur.'

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

'Tell the gentleman what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name.'

There was a longer pause than usual before the shoemaker replied:

'I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?'

'I said, "Couldn't you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur's information?"'

'It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking-shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand.' He glanced at the shoe with some little passing touch of pride.

'And the maker's name?' said Defarge.

Now that he had no work to hold he laid the knuckles of the right hand in the hollow of the left, and then the knuckles of the left hand in the hollow of the right, and then passed a hand across his bearded chin, and so on in regular changes, without stopping for a moment. The task of recalling him from the vacancy into which he always sank when he had spoken was like recalling some very weak person from a swoon.

'Did you ask me for my name?'

'I did.'

'One Hundred and Five, North Tower.'

'Is that all?'

'One Hundred and Five, North Tower.'

With a weary sound that was not a sigh, nor a groan, he bent to work again, until the silence was again broken.

'You are not a shoemaker by trade?' asked Mr. Lorry.

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him; but as no help came from that quarter, they turned back on the questioner.

'I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learnt it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to——'

Again he forgot—for two or three minutes. Then his eyes came slowly back to Mr. Lorry's face; when they rested on it, he started, and continued:

'I asked leave to teach myself; after a long time they permitted me, and I have made shoes ever since.'

As he held out his hand for the shoe, Mr. Lorry, still looking steadfastly in his face, said to him:

'Monsieur Manette, do you not remember me?'

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

'Monsieur Manette,' said Mr. Lorry, pointing to Defarge, 'do you not remember this man? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old servant, that you remember?'

As the prisoner sat looking fixedly, by turns, at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some faint signs of a once active intelligence, now long blotted out, showed themselves on his forehead. They were overclouded again, and were gone; but they had been there. The careful efforts of his visitors to restore something of his lost memory were not without a little success.

He gazed less and less attentively at the two, then looked about him in the old way. Finally, with a deep long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

'Have you recognized him, monsieur?' asked Defarge in a whisper.

'Yes; for a moment. At first I thought it quite hopeless, but I have unquestionably seen, for a single moment, the face that I once knew so well. Hush! Let us draw farther back. Hush!'

Lucie, who had remained motionless and silent all this time, now moved from the wall of the garret very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labour.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees, in the pauses of his quick and laboured breathing, he was heard to say :

'What is this?'

And again, after a pause :

'You are not the gaoler's daughter?'

She sighed 'No.'

'Who are you?'

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand little by little, he took it up and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoe-making.

But not for long. Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it, two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee, and it contained a very little quantity of hair ; not more than one or

two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. 'It is the same. How can it be! When was it! How was it!'

He turned her full to the light, and looked at her.

'She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out—she had a fear of my going, though I had none—and when I was brought to the North Tower these were upon my shoulder: and they left them for me.'

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they came to him coherently, though slowly.

'How was this?—*Was it you?*'

Once more the two spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But she sat perfectly still in his grasp and only said, in a low voice, 'I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!'

'Hark!' he exclaimed. 'Whose voice was that?'

His hands released her as he uttered this cry and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. The frenzy died out, as everything but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet and tried to secure it in his breast; but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

'No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. It can't be. See what the prisoner is. These are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this is not a voice she ever heard. No, no. She was—and He was—before the slow years of the North Tower—ages ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?'

At his softened tone and manner his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

'Oh, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I cannot tell you at

this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you here and now is that I pray to you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me !'

She held him closely to her like a child, with her radiant hair falling over his cold, white head.

'If you hear in my voice any resemblance to a wife's voice that was once sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it ! If my hair recalls a beloved head that lay on your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it ! If when I hint to you of a home that is before us where I will be true to you with all a daughter's loving and faithful service, I bring back the memory of a home that was made desolate, weep for it, weep for it !'

Then their tears began to flow, he sank in her arms, and his face dropped upon her breast : a sight so touching yet so terrible, as it reminded them of the tremendous wrong and suffering that had gone before it, that the two men who watched covered their faces.

When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed, and his heaving breast and shaken form had fallen into the calm that must follow all storms, they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. He had gradually dropped to the floor, and lay there worn out. She had nestled down with him so that his head might lie upon her arm ; and her hair falling over him curtained him from the light.

It was agreed that he should be taken away from Paris at once. Passports and a carriage and post-horses were secured. In the submissive way of a man long accustomed to obey under compulsion, he ate and drank and did whatever they told him. The only delay was caused by the Doctor asking miserably, when he was being led away, for his shoemaking tools and the unfinished shoes. These were brought, and so they set out for the new home and the new life in England. Many times in the darkness of their night journey the doubt presented itself before Mr. Lorry's mind : 'Will he care to be restored to life ?'

BOOK II

THE EVRÉMONDES: UNCLE AND NEPHEW

CHAPTER I

THE TRIAL OF DARNAY IN LONDON

FIVE years after Dr. Manette had been brought over from Paris to London a certain Charles Darnay was tried in the latter city on a charge of treason. As the punishment for treason in those days was to be hanged, drawn, and quartered there was much interest in the case, and the court room and corridors of the Old Bailey were crowded with spectators.

At a large table in the centre of the Court sat several barristers in their wigs: the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, who were conducting the prosecution on behalf of the Crown; Mr. Stryver, the prisoner's counsel, and another wigged lawyer with his hands in his pockets, who seemed to look at nothing but the ceiling of the court, as though he had no interest in the proceedings.

When the prisoner entered the dock every one present, except the wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-grown and well-looking, with a sunburnt cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck; more to be out of his way than for ornament. He was quite self-possessed, bowed to the Judge, and stood quiet.

As he looked about the court his eyes rested on two persons who were obviously witnesses: a young lady of little more than twenty years of age, and a gentleman who

was evidently her father. The latter was of very remarkable appearance because of the absolute whiteness of his hair, and a certain intense look on his face, as of a man absorbed with his own thoughts. When this expression was upon him he looked as if he were old ; but when it was broken up—as it was on his speaking to his daughter—he became a handsome man, not past the prime of life.

His daughter had one of her hands drawn through his arm, as she sat by him, and the other pressed upon it. She had drawn close to him, in her dread of the scene, and in her obvious pity for the prisoner.

The accusation was that Charles Darnay was a false traitor to the King by reason of his having in various ways assisted Louis, the French King, in his wars against England, by constantly coming and going between the two countries and giving information as to what forces the English had in preparation to send to Canada.

The Attorney-General, in his speech for the prosecution, declared to the jury that the prisoner had for some years been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. A certain person, who had been the prisoner's friend, had discovered the nature of that business, and had resolved in his patriotism to disclose it to His Majesty's Government. This man, whose name was Barsad, would be produced as a witness. He had gained his information by inducing the prisoner's servant, Roger Cly, to examine his master's pockets and the drawers in his tables, and to take his papers. The evidence of these two men, with the papers they had discovered, would show that the prisoner had been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. These lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting ; but that it was all the same ; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. The proof would go back five years, and would show the

prisoner already engaged in these journeys within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. For these reasons he believed the jury were bound to find the prisoner guilty.

John Barsad was then called for examination, and as might have been expected his story agreed with that of the counsel for the prosecution. Then, however, he was cross-examined by Mr. Stryver, the burly counsel for the defence; and it was shown that Barsad's character and motives were not so high as had been stated, that in fact he was thoroughly untrustworthy, and that there were strong suspicions that he was no better than a professional informer and spy.

When asked if he had ever been a spy himself, he denied it. Other questions were put by Mr. Stryver in rapid succession. What did Barsad live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't remember exactly where it was. What was it? It was nobody's business but his own. Had he inherited it? Yes, he had. From whom? A distant relative. Very distant? Rather. Had he ever been in prison? No. Never in a debtor's prison? He didn't see what that had to do with the case. The question was repeated. Had he never been in a debtor's prison? Yes. How many times? Two or three. Not five or six? Perhaps. What was his profession? He was a gentleman. Had he ever been kicked? He might have been. Had he ever been kicked downstairs? No; he had once received a kick on the top of a staircase, and then fell downstairs of his own accord. Was he kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? The man who assaulted him said so, but it was not true. Did he ever live by cheating at dice? Never. Did he never live by gambling? Not more than other gentlemen do. Did he ever borrow money from the prisoner? Yes. Did he ever repay the money? No. Was not his acquaintance with the prisoner, in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packet-boats? No. Had he not himself procured the lists in

question? No. Did he not expect to be paid for giving this evidence? No. Was he not in regular government pay to lay traps? No. He had no motives but sheer patriotism? None whatever.

The servant, Roger Cly, stated that he had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity, four years ago. He had asked the prisoner, aboard the Calais packet, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner had engaged him. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterwards. In arranging his clothes, while travelling, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. In reply to a question by Mr. Stryver he said that he had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen at Calais, and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne. He had known the last witness for some seven or eight years.

Miss Manette was then called as a witness and questioned by the Solicitor-General.

'Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where?'

'On board a packet-boat crossing the Channel about five years ago.'

'Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Recall it.'

In the midst of a profound stillness she faintly began:

'When the prisoner came on board he noticed that my father was much fatigued and in a very weak state of health. My father was so reduced that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night. The prisoner was so good as to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather

better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbour. He did it for me. He expressed great concern for my father's state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together.'

'Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?'

'No.'

'How many were with him?'

'Two French gentlemen.'

'Had they talked together?'

'They talked together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat.'

'Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?'

'Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers.'

'Like those in shape and size?'

'Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me: because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there; it was a dull lamp, and they spoke very low, and I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at papers.'

'Now, to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette.'

'The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me—which arose out of my helpless situation—as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope,' bursting into tears, 'I may not repay him by doing him harm to-day.'

'Miss Manette, the prisoner perfectly understands that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give with great unwillingness. Please to go on.'

'He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days, taken him to France, and might, at intervals,

take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come.'

Dr. Manette was examined, but could not identify the prisoner as their fellow-passenger.

'Is there any special reason for your being unable to do so?'

He answered in a low voice, 'There is.'

'Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment, without trial, or even accusation, in your native country, Dr. Manette?'

He answered, in a tone that went to every heart,

'A long imprisonment.'

'Were you newly released on the occasion in question?'

'They tell me so.'

'Have you no remembrance of the occasion?'

'None. My mind is a blank, from some time—I cannot even say what time—when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here. She had become familiar to me, when a gracious God restored my faculties; but I am quite unable even to say how she had become familiar. I have no remembrance of the process.'

Mr. Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down, together.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object of the prosecution was to show that the prisoner went down, with some fellow-plotter, in the Dover mail coach on a Friday night in November five years ago, and got out of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, but from which he travelled back some dozen miles or more to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information. A witness was called to identify him as having been, at the precise time required, in the coffee-room of an hotel in that garrison-and-dockyard town waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness with no result, when the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court wrote a word or two on a little piece of

paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

'You say again you are quite sure that it *was* the prisoner?'

'I am quite sure.'

'Did you ever see anybody very like the prisoner?'

'Not so like him that I could be mistaken.'

'Look well at that gentleman, my learned friend there,' he said, pointing to the barrister who had tossed the paper over, 'and then look well at the prisoner. Are they not very like each other?'

Allowing for the barrister's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were indeed so like each other as to surprise every one present. And when the barrister, whose name was Mr. Carton, had removed his wig the likeness was more striking still. So the evidence of this witness was shown to be entirely without value.

Mr. Stryver, in his speech for the defence, showed that Barsad was a hired spy and traitor, and a great scoundrel; that the servant was Barsad's friend and partner; that these men, who forged documents and swore false oaths, had fixed upon the prisoner because some family affairs in France (he being of French birth) required his making those frequent journeys across the Channel; but that he could not disclose what those affairs were.

During the summing-up by the Judge and the conference of the jury, Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changed neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend Mr. Stryver, massing his papers before him, whispered with those who sat near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury; while all the spectators moved; while even my Lord himself arose from his seat, and slowly paced up and down his platform, this one man sat leaning back, with his torn gown half off him, his untidy wig put on just as it had happened to light on his head after its removal, his hands in his pockets, and his

eyes on the ceiling as they had been all day. Something especially reckless in his demeanour, not only gave him a disreputable look, but diminished the strong resemblance he undoubtedly bore to the prisoner.

Yet, this Mr. Carton took in more of the details of the scene than he appeared to take in; for now, when Miss Manette's head dropped upon her father's breast, he was the first to see it, and to call to an attendant: 'Look to that young lady. Help the gentleman to take her out. Don't you see she will fall!'

There was much pity for her as she was removed, and much sympathy with her father. It had evidently been a great distress to him to have the days of his imprisonment recalled. He had shown strong agitation when he was questioned, and that brooding look which made him old had been upon him, like a heavy cloud, ever since.

Mr. Carton shortly afterwards inquired as to her condition and moved across to inform the prisoner

'You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness, Miss Manette. She will do very well.'

'I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of her agitation. Could you tell her so for me, with my sincere thanks?'

'Yes, I could. I will, if you ask it.'

Mr. Carton's manner was so careless as to be almost insolent. He stood, half turned from the prisoner, lounging with his elbow against the bar.

'I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks.'

'What,' said Carton, still only half turned towards him, 'do you expect, Mr. Darnay?'

'The worst.'

'It's the wisest thing to expect, and the likeliest. But I think the withdrawal of the jury is in your favour.'

After a long interval the jury came to a decision. Charles Darnay was acquitted.

CHAPTER II

SYDNEY CARTON, THE JACKAL

AFTER the trial Dr. Manette, his daughter Lucie Manette, Mr. Lorry, and Mr. Stryver, counsel for the defence, stood round Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his acquittal.

It would have been difficult, even in a far brighter light, to recognize in Dr. Manette, with his intellectual face and upright figure, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Still at times his spirit would be overclouded by a gloomy fit of abstraction if that past time were mentioned. And only his daughter had the power to charm away the dark brooding from his mind.

Darnay had kissed Lucie's hand warmly and gratefully, and had turned to thank Mr. Stryver. Meanwhile, as the Doctor watched, his face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious look at Darnay : an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, not even unmingled with fear. With this strange expression on him his thoughts had wandered away. But with a few words from his daughter, suggesting that they should go home, he recovered himself.

As they separated Mr. Carton strolled up to Darnay and spoke to him :

'This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone here with your counterpart on these street stones ?'

'I hardly seem yet,' returned Charles Darnay, 'to belong to this world again.'

'I don't wonder at it ; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another world. You speak faintly.'

'I begin to think *I am* faint.'

'Then why the devil don't you dine ? I dined while the jury were deliberating over your fate. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at.'

Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, and so, up a covered way, into a tavern. Here they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine, while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table with his separate bottle of port before him, and his half-insolent manner upon him.

'Do you feel, yet, that you belong to this world again, Mr. Darnay?'

'I am frightfully confused regarding time and place; but I am so far mended as to feel that I am in the world.'

'It must be an immense satisfaction!'

He said it bitterly, and filled up his glass again, which was a large one.

'As for me my greatest desire is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me—except wine like this—nor have I any good for it.'

Darnay remembered the timely aid Carton had given in the trial, without which his fate would have been sealed; and thanked him warmly.

'I neither want any thanks nor merit any,' was the careless answer. 'It was a small thing to do, in the first place; and I don't know why I did it, in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question.'

'Willingly, and a small return for your help.'

'Do you think I particularly like you?'

'Really, Mr. Carton,' returned the other, oddly disconcerted, 'I have not asked myself the question.'

'But ask yourself the question now.'

'You have acted as if you did like me; but I don't think you do.'

'I don't think I do,' said Carton.

'Nevertheless,' pursued Darnay, rising to ring the bell, 'there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my paying the bill and our parting without bad feeling on either side.'

Carton rejoining, 'Nothing at all!' Darnay rang. When the waiter came in Carton said: 'Bring me another pint of this same wine, and come and wake me at ten.'

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good-night. Without returning the wish, Carton rose too, with something of a threat of defiance in his manner, and said, 'A last word, Mr. Darnay; you think I am drunk?'

'I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton.'

'I have been, and you shall know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me.'

When he was left alone this strange being took up a candle, went to a mirror that hung against the wall, and examined himself minutely in it.

'Do you particularly like the man?' he muttered at his own image; 'why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like; you know that. He does nothing but remind you of what you might have been! If you had changed places with him, would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was, and pitied by that agitated face as he was? Have it out in plain words! You hate the fellow.'

He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms.

Mr. Stryver was a man of little more than thirty years, but looked much older. He was stout, red-faced, and loud-voiced, and was what is commonly called a 'pushing' man, and one whose practice as a barrister was rapidly increasing. It had been noticed at the Bar that although Stryver was ready, bold, and unscrupulous, he had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements which is among the most striking and necessary of the advocate's accomplishments. But a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this. The more business he got the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at its essence; and however late at night he sat carousing with Sydney Carton he always had his points at his fingers' ends in the morning.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. Stryver never had a case in

hand, anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court; they went the same Circuit, and even there they prolonged their usual orgies of drinking late into the night, and it was rumoured that Carton could be seen at dawn, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings, like a dissipated cat. At last, it began to be known, among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he served Stryver in that humble capacity.

'Ten o'clock, sir,' said the man at the tavern, whom he had charged to wake him—'ten o'clock, sir.'

'What's the matter?'

'Ten o'clock, sir.'

'What do you mean? Ten o'clock at night?'

'Yes, sir. Your honour told me to call you.'

'Oh! I remember. Very well, very well.'

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, he got up, tossed his hat on, and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and, having revived himself by twice pacing the pavement, turned into Stryver's chambers.

Stryver opened the door for him, and they went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers. A kettle steamed upon the fire, and on the table was a large supply of wine, with brandy, rum, sugar, and lemons.

'You have had your bottle, Sydney, I see.'

'Two to-night. I have been dining with Darnay.'

'That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification. How did you notice it? When did it strike you?'

'I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and that I should have been much the same, if I had had any luck.'

Stryver laughed. 'You and your luck, Sydney! Well, let us get to work.'

Carton, the jackal, loosened his dress, brought from an adjoining room a large jug of cold water, a basin, and a towel or two. Steeping a towel in the water, and partially wringing it out, he folded it on his head like a turban, sat down at the table, and said, 'Now I am ready!'

'Not much boiling down to be done to-night,' said Mr. Stryver, gaily, as he looked among his papers.

'How much?'

'Only two sets of them.'

'Give me the worst first.'

'There they are, Sydney. Fire away!'

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking-table, while the jackal sat at his own table covered with papers, on the other side of it, with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand. Both resorted to the drinking-table freely, but each in a different way; the lion for the most part reclining with his hands in his waistband, looking at the fire, or occasionally glancing at some lighter document; the jackal, with knitted brows and intent face, so deep in his task, that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass—which often groped about for a minute or more before it found the glass for his lips. Two or three times the matter in hand became so knotty that the jackal found it necessary to get up and steep his towels anew. At length the work was done and they settled down to a bowl of punch.

'You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told.'

'I always am sound; am I not?'

'I don't deny it. What has roughened your temper? Take some more punch and smooth it again.'

With a grunt the jackal complied.

'The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School,' said Stryver, nodding his head over him as he reviewed him in the present and the past. 'Up one minute and down the next; now in high spirits and now in despondency!'

'Ah!' returned the other, sighing: 'yes! The same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then I did exercises for other boys and seldom did my own.'

'And why not?'

'God knows. It was my way, I suppose.'

He sat, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out before him, looking at the fire.

'Carton,' said his friend, looking at him with a bullying air, 'your way is, and always was, a lame way. You summon no energy and purpose. Look at me.'

'Oh, bother!' returned Sydney, with a lighter and more good-humoured laugh, 'don't *you* begin moralizing!'

'How have I done what I have done?' said Stryver; 'how do I do what I do?'

'Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. But it's not worth your while to preach a sermon to me about it; what you want to do, you do. You were always in the front rank, and I was always behind.'

'I had to get into the front rank; I was not born there, was I?'

'Before Shrewsbury, and at Shrewsbury, and ever since Shrewsbury,' said Carton, 'you have fallen into your rank, and I have fallen into mine. Even when we were fellow-students in the Student-Quarter of Paris, picking up French, and French law, you were always somewhere, and I was always—nowhere.'

'And whose fault was that?'

'Upon my soul, I am not sure that it was not yours. You were always driving and shouldering and pressing to that restless degree that I had no chance for my life but in repose. It's a gloomy thing, however, to talk about one's own past with the day breaking. Turn me in some other direction before I go.'

'Well then! Drink the health of the pretty witness, Miss Manette,' said Stryver, holding up his glass. 'Are you turned in a pleasant direction?'

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

'Pretty witness,' he muttered, looking down into his glass. 'I have had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night.'

'Do you know, Sydney,' said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face: 'do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathized with the pretty witness, and were quick to see what happened to her?'

'Quick to see what happened! If a girl swoons within a yard or two of a man's nose, he can see it without a

telescope. Nevertheless I drink to her. And now I'll have no more ; I'll get to bed.'

When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle, to light him down the stairs, the day was coldly looking in through its grimy windows. When he got out of the house the air was cold and sad, the dull sky overcast, the river dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifeless desert.

As he went he thought of the waste forces within him ; and of what, with honourable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance, he might have made of his life. Climbing to his high chamber he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with tears.

Sadly, sadly, the sun rose ; it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions incapable of their exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

CHAPTER III

THE MARQUIS IN PARIS

THE Marquis of Evrémonde was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, with a pale, clearly-defined face like a fine mask. He was driving in his carriage through the narrow streets of Paris, the common people scattering before his horses, and often hardly escaping from being run down. His coachman drove as if he were charging an enemy, and this recklessness was unchecked by the master. A complaint had sometimes been made, even then, that in the narrow streets without footways the fierce aristocratic custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner. But few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and in this matter, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could.



HE THREW OUT A GOLD COIN . . . AND ALL EYES
LOOKED DOWN AT IT AS IT FELL.

With a wild rattle and clatter and an inhuman lack of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind. But the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

'What has gone wrong?' said the Marquis, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the base-ment of the fountain, and was kneeling down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

'Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!' answered a ragged and submissive man, 'it is a child.'

'Why does the man make that abominable noise? Is it his child?'

'Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—yes.'

The fountain was a little removed, for the street widened out into a space some ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground, and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

'Killed!' shrieked the man in wild despair, extending both arms at their length above his head, and staring at him. 'Dead!'

The people closed round and looked at Monsieur the Marquis, but there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say anything; after the first cry they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his

eyes over them all as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

'It is extraordinary to me,' said he, 'that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is for ever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses? See! Give him that.'

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all eyes looked down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry: 'Dead!'

He was stopped by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle, and moving gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the men.

'I know all, I know all,' said the last comer. 'Be a brave man, Gaspard! It is better for the poor little thing to die so than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?'

'You are a philosopher, you there,' said the Marquis, smiling, 'What do they call you?'

'They call me Defarge.'

'Of what trade?'

'Monsieur the Marquis, seller of wine.'

'Pick up that, philosopher and seller of wine,' said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, 'and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?'

Without deigning to look at the crowd a second time Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away, with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing and had paid for it, and could afford to pay for it, when he was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage and ringing on its floor.

'Hold!' said Monsieur the Marquis. 'Hold the horses! Who threw that?'

He looked to the spot where Defarge the seller of wine had stood a moment before ; but Gaspard, the wretched father, was grovelling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark stout woman, knitting.

' You dogs ! ' said the Marquis, but smoothly, and with an unchanged face. ' I would ride over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage he should be crushed under the wheels.'

So cowed was their condition, and so long and hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law and beyond it, that not a voice or a hand, or even an eye was raised. Among the men, not one. But the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it ; his contemptuous eyes passed over her, and over all the other rats ; and he leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word ' Go on ! '

CHAPTER IV

THE MARQUIS IN THE COUNTRY

A BEAUTIFUL landscape, with the corn bright in it, but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitutes for wheat. On the fields, as on the men and women who cultivated them, there seemed to lie a dejected disposition to give up and wither away.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor stableyard for relays of post-horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at the doors cutting spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain washing leaves and grasses and any such small

yieldings of the earth that could be eaten. Signs of what made them poor were not wanting : the tax for the state, the tax for the church, the tax for the lord, tax local and tax general, were to be paid here and to be paid there, according to solemn notices in the little village, until the wonder was that there was any village left at all.

The Marquis of Evrémonde in his travelling carriage, drawn by four post-horses, drew up at the village posting-house gate. As he waited for the changing of his horses he cast his eyes contemptuously over the submissive faces round the fountain. Shortly a dusty road-mender joined the group.

'Bring that fellow here !' said the Marquis to his courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other people closed round to look and listen.

'I passed you on the road, is it not so ?' said the Marquis.

'Monseigneur,¹ it is true.'

'What did you look at so intently ?'

'Monseigneur, I looked at the man.'

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage. All his fellows stooped to look under the carriage.

'What man, pig ? And why look there ?'

'Pardon, Monseigneur ; he swung by the chain.'

'Who ?' demanded the traveller.

'Monseigneur, the man.'

'May the Devil carry away these idiots ! What do you call the man ? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he ?'

'He was not of this part of the country. In all the days of my life, I never saw him.'

'Swinging by the chain ? To be suffocated ?'

'With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monseigneur. His head was hanging over—like this !'

He turned himself sideways to the carriage, and leaned back, with his face thrown up to the sky, and his head hanging down.

¹ *Monseigneur* is the French equivalent to 'My Lord.'

'What was he like?'

'Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a spectre, tall as a spectre!'

'Truly, you did well,' said the Marquis, 'to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle!'

Monsieur Gabelle was the Postmaster, and some other taxing officer as well; he had come out to assist at this examination.

'Bah! Go aside,' said Monsieur Gabelle.

'Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle.'

'Monseigneur, I will devote myself to your orders.'

CHAPTER V

GASPARD'S VENGEANCE

THE château¹ of the Evrémondes was a large, heavy mass of building, with a large court-yard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. There were stone balustrades, stone urns, stone heads and faces everywhere.

Monsieur the Marquis, preceded by a torch-bearer, passed from his carriage up the broad flight of shallow steps, through the great door, and along to his private apartments, which were furnished with all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country. A supper-table was laid for two in one of the rooms. It was a small, lofty room, with its window wide open, and the wooden venetian shutters closed, so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black alternating with their broad, light-coloured lines.

¹ A *château* (lit. 'castle') was a family mansion in the country.

'Monsieur Charles, my nephew,' said the Marquis, 'has he not arrived from England?'

'Monseigneur, not yet.'

In a quarter of an hour Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup, and was raising his glass of wine to his lips, when he put it down.

'What is that?' he calmly asked, looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black and stone colour.

'Monseigneur? That?' questioned the servant.

'Outside the blinds. Open the blinds.'

It was done.

'Well?'

'Monseigneur, there is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here.'

The servant had thrown the blinds wide open, had looked out into vacant darkness, and stood looking round for instructions.

'Good,' said the imperturbable master. 'Close them again.'

That was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He was half-way through it when his nephew, who was known in England as Charles Darnay, arrived in a carriage.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

So long as a servant was present no conversation of importance passed between them. When coffee had been served, and they were alone together, the nephew said:

'I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected danger; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death I should have persisted.'

The uncle's face expressed surprise.

'I doubt, sir,' continued the nephew, 'whether, if it had carried me to death, you would have cared to stir a finger to help.'

The uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, but it was so obviously a mere external form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

'Indeed, sir,' continued the nephew, thinking of the spies whose information had brought about his prosecution in England, 'I should not be surprised to find that you had expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me.'

'No, no, no,' said the uncle pleasantly.

'But, however that may be,' resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, 'I know that you would stop me by any means, and would have no scruple.'

'My friend, I told you so,' said the uncle, 'do me the favour to recall that I told you so, long ago.'

'I recall it.'

'Thank you,' said the Marquis—very sweetly indeed.

'In effect, sir,' pursued the nephew, 'I believe it to be your bad fortune alone that has kept me out of a prison in France here.'

'I do not quite understand,' returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. 'Dare I ask you to explain?'

'I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the Court, and had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a *lettre de cachet*¹ would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely.'

'It is possible,' said the uncle, with great calmness. 'For the honour of the family I could even resolve to inconvenience you to that extent. But unfortunately it is difficult to obtain these useful letters. They are sought by so many, and they are granted to so few! France has changed for the worse in all such things. Our class has lost many privileges; a new philosophy is in fashion, and to assert our position is not so easy.'

The Marquis took a little pinch of snuff, and shook his head despondently.

¹ A *lettre de cachet*, or 'sealed letter,' was a blank form for imprisonment issued to great nobles; they could then fill in the name of any one they considered particularly dangerous or obnoxious, and he would be imprisoned, as was Dr. Manette, probably for life.

'We have so asserted our station,' said the nephew gloomily, 'that our name is more hated than any in France.'

'Let us hope so,' said the uncle. 'Hatred of the high is the involuntary homage of the low.'

'We are looked upon only with the dark deference due to fear.'

'Repression is the only lasting philosophy,' returned the Marquis.

'Sir, we have done wrong. We have done a world of wrong, injuring every one who stood in the way of our pleasure. Our system is hateful to me; and I shall continue in my attempts to carry out the last request of my dear mother, who implored me to redress these evils. At present I can do little, but if ever this estate becomes mine I shall attempt to manage it so that the wretched people who cannot leave it may suffer less.'

'And how, under your new philosophy, do you intend to live?' asked the uncle.

'I shall work.'

'In England?'

'Yes. The family name, I assure you, will not suffer, for I live under another name.'

As the Marquis bade his nephew good-night he still bowed and smiled in his most courtly manner. Nothing disturbed the polished elegance of his aristocratic breeding.

As he composed himself for sleep, a quarter of an hour later, he gave a passing thought to the scene at the Paris fountain and the tall man, Gaspard, howling over his dead child, and to the road-mender's tale of the man, tall as a spectre, hanging under his carriage, and to the eyes he had seen peering in at him as he ate his supper; but it was no more than a passing thought, and no suspicion entered his mind that these events were connected in any way.

The next morning the Marquis of Evrémonde was found lifeless in his bed. Driven home into his heart was a common knife.

CHAPTER VI

THE BETROTHAL AND THE PROMISE

A YEAR had passed, and Charles Darnay, having given up his position as lord of the Evrémonde estates, was established in England as a teacher of French. And as a tutor and translator he soon became well known, and with perseverance he prospered. As a result of their various parts in the trial, Darnay, and to a smaller degree Sydney Carton and Mr. Stryver, had become more or less intimate friends of Doctor Manette and his daughter, and frequently visited their little house in a quiet corner of Soho.

Darnay had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice; he had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful as hers when it confronted his own, as it seemed, on the edge of the grave. But he had not yet spoken to her on the subject.

One summer evening, knowing that Lucie would be out, he determined to consult her father.

He found the Doctor reading in his arm-chair at a window. The energy which had once supported him under his old sufferings and aggravated their sharpness had been gradually restored to him. He was now a very energetic man indeed, with great firmness of purpose, strength of resolution, and vigour of action. In his recovered energy he was sometimes a little fitful and sudden, but this had never been frequently noticed, and had grown more and more rare.

The Doctor, anticipating what was to come, showed a little unwillingness to converse about his daughter, but Darnay, after some hesitation, declared to him his love for Lucie, his fervent admiration and true homage; and how, knowing the strength of simple affection and mutual dependence between father and daughter, increased as these were in their case by their long separation and

unexpected reunion, he had been unwilling to speak of his passion even to Lucie.

'Dear Doctor Manette, always knowing ^{his} always seeing her and you with this sacred light about you, I have forborne, and forborne, as long as it was in the nature of man to do it. I have felt, and do even now feel, that to bring my love between you is to touch your history with something not quite so good as itself. But I love her. Heaven is my witness that I love her!'

'I believe it,' answered her father, mournfully. 'I have thought so before now. I believe it.'

'But do not believe,' said Darnay, upon whose ear the mournful voice struck with a reproachful sound, 'that if my fortune were so cast as that, being one day so happy as to make her my wife, I must at any time put any separation between her and you, I could or would breathe a word of what I now say. Even if I did not know it to be hopeless, I should know it to be a baseness.'

'No, dear Doctor Manette. Like you, a voluntary exile from France; like you, driven from it by its distractions, oppressions, and miseries; like you, striving to live away from it by my own exertions, and trusting in a happier future, I look only to sharing your fortunes, sharing your life and home, and being faithful to you to the death. Not to divide with Lucie her privilege as your child, companion, and friend; but to come in aid of it, and bind her closer to you, if such a thing can be.'

The father rested his hands upon the arms of his chair, and looked up for the first time since the beginning of the conversation. A struggle was evident in his face; a struggle with that occasional look which had a tendency in it to dark doubt and dread.

'You speak so feelingly and so manfully, Charles Darnay, that I thank you with all my heart, and will open all my heart—or nearly so. I believe your object to be, purely and truthfully, as you have stated it. I believe your intention is to continue, and not to weaken, the ties between me and my daughter. If she should ever tell me that you are necessary to her perfect happiness I will

give her to you. If there were—Charles Darnay, if there were—any fancies, any reasons, any apprehensions, anything whatsoever against the man she really loved that was not his own fault, all should be forgotten for her sake. She is everything to me ; more to me than suffering, more to me than wrong, more to me——’

He suddenly relapsed into silence with a strange fixed look upon his face.

Darnay after a minute or two spoke again :

‘Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother’s, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England.’

‘Stop!’ said the Doctor of Beauvais.

‘I wish it, that I may the better deserve your confidence, and have no secret from you.’

‘Stop!’

For an instant the Doctor even had his two hands at his ears.

‘Tell me when I ask you, not now. If your suit should prosper, if Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise?’

‘Willingly.’

‘Give me your hand. She will be home directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go! God bless you!’

CHAPTER VII

SYDNEY CARTON SPEAKS

IF Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Dr. Manette. He had been there often during the year, but, though when he talked he talked well, he was usually gloomy and cared for nothing. Yet he did care something even for the streets

that lay near the house ; and many a night he wandered there vaguely and unhappily, when wine had brought no relief to his despondency.

But one day he went there with an intention. He was shown upstairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face during the first few words, she observed a change in it.

' I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton ! '

' No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not good for health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates ? '

' Is it not, ' she asked simply, ' a pity to live no better life ? '

' God knows it is a shame ! '

' Then why not change it ? '

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered :

' It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse. '

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand.

She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so, without looking at her, and said :

' Pray forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me ? '

' If it will do you any good, Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier, it would make me very glad ! '

' God bless you for your sweet compassion ! '

He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily.

' Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. '

' No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that you might be much, much worthier of yourself. '

'Say worthier of you, Miss Manette, and I shall never forget it, although I know it is impossible. If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—wasted, drunken, poor as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be.'

'Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you—forgive me again!—to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know this is a confidence,' she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears, 'I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?'

He shook his head.

'To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew you I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices driving me upward, which I thought were silent for ever. I have had vague ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, and fighting out the fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down, but I wish you to know that you inspired it.'

'Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think again! Try again!'

'No, Miss Manette; all through it I have known myself to be quite undeserving. And yet I have the weakness to wish you to know how you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire—a fire, however, lighting nothing, doing no service, idly burning away.'

'Since it is my misfortune, Mr. Carton, to have made you more unhappy than you were before you knew me—'

'Don't say that, Miss Manette, for you would have reclaimed me, if anything could. You will not be the cause of my becoming worse.'

'Since the state of your mind that you describe is, at all events, due to some influence of mine, can I use no influence to serve you? Have I no power for good with you at all?'

'The utmost good that I am capable of now, Miss Manette, I have come here to realize. Let me carry through the rest of my misspent life the remembrance that I opened my heart to you last of all the world, and that there was something left in me at this time which you could deplore and pity.'

'Which I entreated you to believe was capable of better things, Mr. Carton!'

'Entreat me to believe it no more, Miss Manette. I have proved myself, and I know better. Will you let me believe, when I recall this day, that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your breast, and that it will be shared by no one?'

'If that will be a consolation to you, yes.'

'Not even by the dearest one ever to be known to you?'

'Mr. Carton,' she answered, after an agitated pause, 'the secret is yours, not mine; and I promise to respect it.'

'Thank you. And again, God bless you.'

He put her hand to his lips, and moved towards the door.

'Be under no fear, Miss Manette, of my ever resuming this conversation. I will never refer to it again. In the hour of my death I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance—and shall thank and bless you for it—that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my name, and faults, and miseries were gently carried in your heart.'

He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away, and how much he every day kept down and perverted,

that Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her.

'Be comforted!' he said. 'I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. An hour or two hence, and the low companions and low habits that I scorn but yield to, will render me less worth such tears as those than any wretch who creeps along the streets. Be comforted! But, within myself, I shall always be, towards you, what I am now. The last prayer but one I make to you, is, that you will believe this of me.'

'I will, Mr. Carton.'

'My last prayer of all, is this. It is useless to say it, I know, but it rises out of my soul. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do anything. I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind, at some quiet times, as sincere in this one thing. The time will come when new ties will be formed about you—ties that will bind you yet more tenderly and strongly to this home. Oh, Miss Manette, when the picture of a husband's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty spring up anew in your children, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you!'

He said, 'Farewell!' said a last 'God bless you!' and left her.

CHAPTER VIII

THE EXECUTION OF GASPARD

Two men, all dusty with walking along country roads, entered the wine-shop in Saint Antoine. One was its owner, Defarge, the other was the road-mender who had been questioned by Monsieur the Marquis as to the tall man hanging beneath his carriage on the day before his assassination.

As they entered one man drank up his wine and went out. Shortly afterwards a second man did the same ; finally, a third. The road-mender drank the wine Madame Defarge set before him, and ate some coarse bread which he had carried with him. When he had finished Defarge said, ' Come, I will show you the room that you can occupy.'

So they passed out into the street, and turning into a court-yard climbed up a steep staircase to a garret—formerly the garret where the white-haired shoemaker from ' One hundred and five, North Tower ' had worked. The three men who had gone out of the wine-shop were there.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a low voice :

' Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three ! This is the witness met according to arrangement by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five ! '

The road-mender then told how he had first seen the tall man, Gaspard, hanging by the chain beneath the carriage of the Marquis as it neared the village. The tall man had remained hidden—for a year. Then, one day, as he, Jacques Five, was again leaving his work on the hill, he saw six soldiers coming, and in the midst of them the same tall man with his arms bound to his sides. His arms were swollen with the ropes, and as he was lame and slow they drove him on with their muskets. They brought him through the village, and up to the prison on the crag. There he could be seen behind the bars of a lofty iron cage for some days. It was whispered in the village that although condemned to death he would not be executed ; that petitions had been presented in Paris, even to the King himself, showing that he was enraged and made mad by the killing of his child under Monseigneur's carriage. But one old man said that he would certainly be put to death, that his right hand, armed with the knife, would be burnt off before his face ; that, into wounds which would be made in his arms, his breast, and his legs, there would be poured boiling oil and melted lead ; finally, that he would be torn limb from limb by four strong horses ;

that all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the late King, Louis Fifteen.

At length however a gallows was erected, the tall man was bound and gagged, and he was hanged forty feet high, and left hanging.

After his tale was narrated the road-mender departed. Defarge, who escorted him to the court-yard, returned to find his comrades in gloomy silence. The looks of them all were dark, repressed, and revengeful.

'How say you, Jacques?' demanded Number One. 'To be registered?'

'To be registered, as doomed to destruction,' returned Defarge.

'The château, and all the race?' inquired the first.

'The château and all the race,' returned Defarge. 'Extermination.'

'Are you sure,' asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, 'that no mistakes can arise from our manner of keeping the register? Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?'

'Jacques,' returned Defarge, drawing himself up, 'if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. No aristocrat will ever erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge.'

CHAPTER IX

A SPY IN SAINT ANTOINE

DEFARGE had many friends among the police and the soldiers. As he returned after an interview with one of these Madame Defarge spoke to her husband.

'What did Jacques of the police tell thee?'

'Very little to-night, but all he knows. There is another spy assigned to watch our quarter.'

'Eh well!' said Madame Defarge, raising her eyebrows with a cool business air. 'It is necessary to register him. What do they call the man?'

'Barsad,' said Defarge.

'Barsad,' repeated madame. 'Good. Christian name?'

'John.'

'John Barsad,' repeated madame, after murmuring it once to herself. 'Good. His appearance; is it known?'

'Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; eyes dark, face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar bend towards the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister.'

'Eh my faith. It is a portrait!' said madame, laughing. 'He shall be registered to-morrow.'

'We are always registering names in your knitting,' said the husband. 'The knitting goes on, but we do nothing. It is a long time.'

'It is a long time,' repeated his wife. 'Vengeance and retribution require a long time.'

'It does not take a long time to strike a man with lightning,' said Defarge.

'How long,' asked madame quietly, 'does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me.'

Defarge raised his head thoughtfully, as if there were some truth in that too.

'It does not take a long time,' said madame, 'for an earthquake to swallow a town. But tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?'

'A long time, I suppose,' said Defarge.

'But when it is ready it takes place, and grinds to pieces everything before it. In the meantime it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard.'

'I tell thee,' continued madame, extending her right hand for emphasis, 'that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell thee it never

retreats and never stops ; it is always advancing. **Look** around and consider the lives of all the world that we know, consider the faces of all the world that we know, consider the rage and discontent which is growing with certainty every hour. Can such things last ?

'My wife,' returned Defarge, 'I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time, and it is possible that it may not come during our lives.'

'Nevertheless, even if we do not see the triumph (and I firmly believe that we shall), we shall have helped it. Nothing that we do is done in vain. When the time comes, let loose a tiger and a devil, but wait for the time with the tiger and devil chained—not shown—yet always ready.'

About noon the next day Madame Defarge was in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting. A rose lay beside her on the counter. A few customers were scattered about.

A figure entered the door, and Madame Defarge saw at a glance that it was a stranger. She laid down her knitting, and began to pin her rose in her head-dress, before she looked again at the figure.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop.

'Good day, madame,' said the new-comer.

'Good day, monsieur.'

She said it aloud, but added to herself, as she resumed her knitting : 'Hah ! Age about forty, height about five feet nine, black hair, complexion dark, eyes dark, thin, long, and sallow face, aquiline nose but not straight, having a peculiar bend towards the left cheek, which gives a sinister expression !'

'Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old brandy and a mouthful of cool fresh water, madame.'

Madame complied with a polite air.

'Marvellous brandy this, madame !'

It was the first time it had ever been so complimented, and Madame Defarge knew enough of its history to know



'YOU KNIT WITH GREAT SKILL, MADAME'

better. The visitor watched her fingers for a few moments as she knitted, and took the opportunity of observing the place in general.

'You knit with great skill, madame.'

'I am accustomed to it.'

'A pretty pattern too!'

'You think so?' said madame, looking at him with a smile.

'Decidedly. May one ask what it is for?'

'Pastime,' said madame, still looking at him with a smile, while her fingers moved nimbly.

'Not for use?'

'That depends. I may find a use for it one day.'

During their talk two or three men had entered the shop separately, but catching sight of the rose in Madame's head-dress they made a pretence of looking about as if for some friend who was not there, and went away. Nor of those who had been there when this visitor entered was there one left. They had all dropped off. The spy had kept his eyes open, but had been able to detect no sign. They had lounged away in a purposeless, accidental manner all quite naturally.

'JOHN,' thought madame, checking off her work as her fingers knitted. 'Stay long enough, and I shall knit "BARSAD" before you go.'

'Business seems bad?'

'Business is very bad; the people are so poor.'

'Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed, too—as you say.'

'As you say,' madame retorted, correcting him.

'Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course.'

'I think?' returned madame, in a high voice. 'I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine-shop open, without thinking. All we think, here, is how to live. That is the subject *we* think of, and it gives us, from morning to night, enough to think about, without troubling our heads concerning others.'

The spy, who was there to pick up any information he could find, did not allow his discouragement to express itself in his sinister face, but stood with an air of gossiping gallantry, leaning his elbow on Madame Defarge's little counter, and occasionally sipping his brandy.

'A bad business this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! poor Gaspard!' with a sigh of great compassion.

'My faith!' returned madame, coolly and lightly, 'if people use knives for such purposes, they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price was; he has paid the price.'

'I believe,' said the spy, dropping his soft voice to a tone that invited confidence, 'I believe there is much compassion and anger in this neighbourhood touching the poor fellow?'

'Is there?' asked madame, vacantly.

'Is there not?'

'—Here is my husband!' said Madame Defarge.

As the keeper of the wine-shop entered at the door the spy saluted him by touching his hat and saying with an engaging smile, 'Good day, Jacques!' Defarge stopped short, and stared at him.

'Good day, Jacques!' the spy repeated; with not quite so much confidence, or quite so easy a smile under the stare.

'You deceive yourself, monsieur,' returned the keeper of the wine-shop. 'You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge.'

'It is all the same,' said the spy airily, but discomfited too; 'good day!'

'Good day!' answered Defarge, drily.

'I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is—and no wonder!—much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard.'

'No one has told me so,' said Defarge, shaking his head.

'I know nothing of it.'

Having said it he passed behind the little counter.

The spy, well used to his business, did not change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of brandy, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of brandy.

'You seem to know this quarter well; that is to say, better than I do,' observed Defarge.

'Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so deeply interested in its miserable inhabitants.'

'Hah!' muttered Defarge.

'The pleasure of talking with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me,' pursued the spy, 'that I have some interesting associations with your name.'

'Indeed!' said Defarge, with much indifference.

'Yes, indeed. When Dr. Manette was released you, his old servant, had the charge of him, I know. He was delivered to you.'

'It is true,' said Defarge.

'I have known Dr. Manette and his daughter, in England,' said the spy.

'Yes?' said Defarge.

'You don't hear much about them now?'

'No,' said Defarge.

'She is going to be married. But not to an Englishman; to one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard (ah, poor Gaspard! It was cruel, cruel!), it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whose murder Gaspard was hanged; in other words, the present Marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no Marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family.'

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had an evident effect upon her husband. The spy would have been no spy if he had failed to see it, or to record it in his mind.

Having made, at least, this one hit, whatever it might prove to be worth, and no customers coming in to help him to any other, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had drunk and took his leave. For some minutes after he had gone

the husband and wife remained exactly as he had left them, lest he should come back.

'Can it be true,' said Defarge, in a low voice, 'what he has said of Mademoiselle Manette?'

'As he has said it,' returned madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, 'it is probably false. But it may be true.'

'If it is true, I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France.'

'Her husband's destiny,' said Madame Defarge, with her usual composure, 'will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him.'

'But it is very strange that, after all our sympathy for Monsieur her father, and herself, her husband's name should be registered in your knitting along with that of the spy who has just left us.'

'Stranger things than that will happen,' answered madame. 'I have them both here, of a certainty; and they are both here for their merits; that is enough.'

She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words, and presently took the rose out of her hair; and customers again entered the shop.

CHAPTER X

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM

THE district of Saint Antoine in Paris was a seething mass of raging men and women, with a thousand bright flashes above the tumult, where steel blades and bayonets waved in the sun. Muskets were being distributed, ammunition, and axes, pikes, crowbars—every kind of weapon that could be discovered or devised. Every man and woman there, mad with a fierce, implacable passion for revenge, held life of no account, and was ready to sacrifice it. At the centre of all this tumult was Defarge, giving orders, giving out arms.

'Come, then!' he cried. 'Patriots and friends, we are ready! To the Bastille!'

With a roar, as they shouted the name of the hated prison and fortress, the living sea surged onward. Alarm bells ringing, drums beating, other crowds joined them, and they commenced the attack on the massive stone walls and the eight great towers.

For four fierce hours they worked like fiends let loose, with incredible bravery and fury. All was uproar; fire and smoke; the flashing of cannon and muskets; the blazing of torches and loads of straw against the gates; the shrieks and curses from raging masses of people, all maddened by the memory of past wrongs and wretchedness, and by the hope of revenge and triumph surely at hand.

At last a white flag was shown from within the fortress, there was a parley, the Bastille was surrendered! The mad rabble burst in and Defarge was swept on in its midst, unable to turn or breathe until they reached the outer court-yard of the prison. Of the cries taken up the only one that could be heard amid the tumult of furious triumph was that of 'The Prisoners'. The foremost of the mob seized upon the prison officers, and threatened them with immediate death if any cell remained unopened.

Defarge laid hands on one of these men.

'Show me the North Tower!' said Defarge. 'Quick!'

'I will,' replied the man, 'but there is no one there.'

'What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?' asked Defarge. 'Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Quick!'

'Monsieur, it is a cell.'

'Show it me!'

'Pass this way then.'

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, Defarge, the warder, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went with all the speed they could make.

The warder stopped at a low door, put a key in the lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in :

‘ One hundred and five, North Tower ! ’

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be seen only by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a stool, and a table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

‘ Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them,’ said Defarge.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

‘ Stop !—Look here, Jacques ! ’

‘ A. M. ! ’ said Jacques Three, as he read.

‘ Alexandre Manette,’ said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his forefinger, black with gunpowder. ‘ And here he wrote “ a poor physician.” And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand ? A crowbar ? Give it me ! ’

With a few blows he beat to pieces the worm-eaten stool and table.

‘ Hold the light higher ! ’ he said, wrathfully, to the turnkey. ‘ Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see ! Here is my knife,’ throwing it to him ; ‘ rip open that bed and search the straw. Hold the light higher you ! ’

He crawled upon the hearth, and, peering up the chimney, struck at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes some mortar and dust came dropping down ; and in it and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped he groped with a cautious touch. He evidently found something, for he suddenly thrust a hand into his pocket, and after burning the wood and the straw, where nothing was found, they returned to the court-yard and were in the raging mob once more.

The grim old governor who had defended the Bastille and shot upon the people was to be dragged for trial to the hall of justice. He was borne along by Defarge and the rest, but the passions of the surging mass of people, clamouring for revenge, would know no restraint. Before he could be dragged up the steps he was struck at from behind, stabs and blows rained upon him ; and when he had dropped dead Madame Defarge put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

CHAPTER XI

THE STORM CONTINUES

It was a week after the storming of the Bastille. Defarge entered his wine-shop, pulled off his red night-cap and spoke breathlessly :

' Does everybody here remember old Foulon, who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died, and went to Hell ? '

' Everybody ! ' from all throats.

' He is among us ! '

' Among us ! ' they shouted, ' and dead ? '

' Not dead ! He feared us so much—and with reason—that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock-funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hall of Justice, a prisoner.'

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another.

' Patriots ! ' said Defarge, in a determined voice, ' are we ready ? '

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle, the drum was beating in the street, and a fierce woman called The Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging

her arms about her head like a Fury, was rushing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible in the bloody-minded anger with which they caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down into the streets; but the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From their household occupations, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another to madness with the wildest cries and actions. 'Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother!' when a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming, 'Foulon alive! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! Give us the blood of Foulon, give us the head of Foulon, rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground that grass may grow from him!' With these cries they rushed towards the Hall of Justice. Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine but a few old creatures and the wailing children.

They were all crowding the hall where the wicked old man was brought up for judgement, and the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the front, and at no great distance from him in the Hall.

'See!' cried madame, pointing with her knife. 'See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Ha, ha! That was well done. Let him eat it now!' Madame put her knife under her arm, and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighbouring streets resounded with the

clapping of hands. Similarly, during the two or three hours of the trial, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvellous quickness, at a distance: the more readily, because certain men who had climbed up to look in from the windows knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building.

At last the patience of the onlookers gave way altogether; they could wait no longer for their revenge on the hated Foulon. The barriers were burst, and he was at their mercy.

It was known directly to the farthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace—Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied—The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall, like birds of prey from their high perches—when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, 'Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!'

Down and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now on his knees; now on his feet; now on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy, he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go—as a cat might have done to a mouse—and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready: the women passionately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; again he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then the rope was merciful, and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, his mouth full of grass.

CHAPTER XII

THE EMIGRANT RETURNS

THE storm that burst so violently around the Bastille had continued—ever more and more violent—for three years of terror. The mob, fired by its early successes, had become more unruly month by month. The determination of the women rivalled that of the men. While the people were starving news came of splendid banquets at the royal court, and the women marched out, six thousand strong, to interview the King and the governing Assembly at Versailles ; despite a dole of food an angry mob surrounded the palace, and Louis had perforce to return to Paris. The Aristocrats were daily emigrating to England, carrying money with them, and leaving more unemployed behind them. The King was suspended from office ; all government was disorganized, chaotic, paralysed. Despite the efforts of the moderate democrats the will of the Paris mob was the only effective law.

To almost the whole of France the fall of the Bastille was as a signal of revolution ; and the peasants immediately rose against the nobles and the officials who collected the burdensome taxes. Many châteaux of the aristocrats were burnt ; amongst them that of Evrémonde, whose tax-collector, Gabelle, hardly escaped with his life.

Tellson's Bank in London was the great gathering place for the many aristocrats who had emigrated from France. Thither they came not merely to transact business, but to hear the latest news of events in their own country.

One day in August, 1792, Charles Darnay was in Tellson's trying, in vain, to persuade Mr. Lorry from going over to Paris to safeguard the interests of the French branch of the Bank. As he was talking a letter was brought addressed to him by his proper title.

'Urgent. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evrémonde. Confided to the care of Messrs. Tellson and Co., Bankers, London.'

Three years earlier Darnay had married Lucie Manette and in accordance with their agreement had on the marriage morning told Dr. Manette his real name. The news caused the Doctor to be so deeply agitated that within a few hours he relapsed temporarily into his former forgetfulness. At the time, however, he earnestly begged Darnay not to disclose the secret of his real name. Consequently even Mr. Lorry did not know that Darnay was an Evrémonde.

Inquiries were made amongst the nobles who were lounging about Tellson's; but none knew where the gentleman was to be found, and all had something contemptuous to say about him.

'Nephew, I believe, of the polished Marquis who was murdered,' said one. 'I am happy to say I never knew him.'

'A coward who abandoned his post,' said another, 'some years ago.'

'Infected with the new doctrines,' said a third, 'set himself in opposition to the last Marquis, abandoned the estates when he inherited them, and left them to the ruffian mob.'

When these had gone Darnay said he knew where the Marquis was to be found, and offered to deliver the letter. A few minutes later he opened it. These were its contents:

'Prison of the Abbaye, Paris,

'June 21, 1792

'MONSIEUR HERETOFORE THE MARQUIS

'After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized with great violence and indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. On the road I have suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my house has been destroyed.

'The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your generous help), is, they tell me, treason against the people,

in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. It is in vain I represent that, before the confiscation of the property of emigrants, I had remitted the taxes and collected no rent. The only reply is that I have acted for an emigrant and where is that emigrant?

'Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant? I cry in my sleep where is he? I ask of Heaven, will he not come to deliver me? No answer. Ah, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great Bank of Tellson.

'For the love of Heaven, of the honour of your noble name, I beg you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to help and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. Oh Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be you true to me!

'Your afflicted,

'GABELLE.'

Darnay was deeply moved by this peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was faithfulness to himself and his family. He knew that in the happiness of his love for Lucie and in his married life he had not done all that he had intended to do with regard to his estates and the giving up of his social rank. He knew that he ought to have been present in person, and supervised his own plans for relieving the tenants so far as the heavy debts of the estate would allow, and that he had not done so, and that now it was too late.

But he had oppressed no man, he had imprisoned no man; he was so far from having harshly exacted payment of his dues that he had relinquished them of his own will, and earned his own bread. Monsieur Gabelle had held the impoverished estate on written instructions to spare the people, to give them what little there was to give—such fuel as the heavy creditors would let them have in the winter, and such produce as could be saved in the summer

—and no doubt Gabelle had put the fact forward for his own safety, so that it could not but appear now.

This favoured the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make that he would go to Paris. In the beginning he had been dissatisfied with his efforts to redress the wrongs done by his family. He was again stirred by comparing himself with Mr. Lorry, who was bravely, at the call of duty, insisting on going to Paris, despite his sixty years of age, merely to look after the interests of his firm and its clients. He saw hardly any danger, for he believed that his good intentions, though incompletely carried out, would be gratefully acknowledged by the Revolutionists. Then had come Gabelle's letter, the appeal of an innocent prisoner, in danger of death, to his justice, honour, and good name.

His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

BOOK III

THE REIGN OF TERROR

CHAPTER I

THE PRISON OF LA FORCE

THE roads were bad between Calais and Paris at the end of August in the year 1792. But it was not the badness of the roads or of the carriages and horses that caused the greatest delay to Charles Darnay. Every town-gate and village taxing-house had its band of soldiers, with their muskets in readiness, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or sent them on, or stopped them and kept them in custody, as their capricious judgement or fancy deemed best for the Republic that was to be.

A very few miles of his journey Darnay had travelled when he began to see that there was no hope of return until he should have been declared a good citizen at Paris. Whatever might befall now he must press on to his journey's end. The universal watchfulness so surrounded him, that if he had been taken in a net, or were being sent to his destination in a cage, he could not have felt his freedom more completely gone.

He had been days upon his journey in France alone when he went to bed tired out, in a little town on the high road, still a long way from Paris.

Nothing but the production of the afflicted Gabelle's letter from his prison of the Abbaye would have got him on so far. His difficulty at the guard-house in this small place had been such that he felt his journey to have come to a crisis. And he was, therefore, as little surprised as a

man could be to find himself roughly awakened in the middle of the night by a local official and three armed soldiers in red caps, and told that he was to be sent on to Paris under an escort.

Even yet Darnay had no great fears, but when they came to the town of Beauvais—which they did in the evening, when the streets were filled with people—he could not hide from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming. A crowd gathered to see him dismount at the inn, and many voices called out loudly, ‘Down with the emigrant!’

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle, and said:

‘Emigrant, my friends! Do you not see me here in France of my own will?’

‘You are a cursed emigrant,’ cried a farrier, making at him in a furious manner, hammer in hand, ‘and you are a cursed aristocrat!’

The postmaster interposed himself, and soothingly said, ‘Let him be; let him be! He will be judged at Paris.’

‘Judged!’ repeated the farrier, swinging his hammer. ‘Ay! and condemned as a traitor.’ At this the crowd roared approval.

Darnay replied, as soon as he could make his voice heard:

‘Friends, you are mistaken. I am not a traitor.’

‘He lies!’ cried the farrier. ‘He is a traitor since the decree. His life is forfeit to the people. His cursed life is not his own!’

As the crowd, now thoroughly hostile, seemed inclined to rush upon him, Darnay, with his escort, passed quickly within the gates of the inn.

‘What is this decree that the man spoke of?’ Darnay asked the innkeeper, when he had thanked him and stood beside him in the yard.

‘A decree for selling the property of emigrants.’

‘When passed?’

‘On the fourteenth.’

‘The day I left England!’

'Everybody says it is but one of several, and that there will be others—if there are not already—banishing all emigrants, and condemning all to death who return. That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own.'

'But there are no such decrees yet?'

'What do I know! there may be, or there will be. It is all the same. What would you have?'

At last they arrived before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.

'Where are the papers of this prisoner?' demanded a resolute-looking man in authority, who was summoned out by the guard.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveller and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the disturbed state of the country had made necessary, and which he had paid for.

'Where,' repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, 'are the papers of this prisoner?'

The drunken escort had them in his cap and produced them. Casting his eyes over Gabelle's letter, the person in authority showed some surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention.

He left escort and prisoner without saying a word, however, and went into the guard-room; meanwhile they sat upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was held by a mixed guard of soldiers and citizens, the latter far outnumbering the former; and that while entrance into the city for peasants' carts bringing in supplies, and for similar traffic, was easy enough, to go out, even for the homeliest people, was very difficult. A numerous mixture of men and women, not to mention beasts and carts of various sorts, was waiting to issue forth; but the previous examination was so strict that they passed through the barrier very slowly. Some

of these people knew their turn for examination to be so far off that they lay down on the ground to sleep or smoke, while others talked together or loitered about. The red cap was worn by all men and women.

When he had sat in his saddle about half an hour, taking note of these things, the same man in authority directed the guard to open the barrier. Then he delivered to the escort a receipt for the prisoner, and requested the latter to dismount.

He accompanied his conductor into a guard-room, smelling of common wine and tobacco, where certain soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, were standing and lying about. Some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse, dark aspect presided over these.

'Citizen Defarge,' said he to Darnay's conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on. 'Is this the emigrant Evrémonte?'

'This is the man.'

'Your age, Evrémonte?'

'Thirty-seven.'

'Married, Evrémonte?'

'Yes.'

'Where married?'

'In England.'

'Where is your wife, Evrémonte?'

'In England.'

'You are consigned, Evrémonte, to the prison of La Force.'

'Just Heaven!' exclaimed Darnay. 'Under what law, and for what offence?'

The officer looked up from his slip of paper for a moment.

'We have new laws, Evrémonte, and new offences, since you were here.' He said it with a hard smile, and went on writing.

'I beg you to observe that I have come here of my own free will, in reply to that written appeal of a fellow-countryman which lies before you. Is not that my right?'



'I HAVE THE HONOUR OF GIVING YOU WELCOME TO LA FORCE'

'Emigrants have no rights, Evrémonde,' was the stolid reply. The officer wrote until he had finished, read over to himself what he had written, and handed it to Defarge, with the words 'In secret.'

Defarge motioned with the paper to the prisoner that he must accompany him. The prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two armed patriots attended them.

'Is it you,' said Defarge, in a low voice, as they went down the guard-house steps and turned into Paris, 'who married the daughter of Doctor Manette, once a prisoner in the Bastille that is no more?'

'Yes,' replied Darnay, looking at him with surprise.

'My name is Defarge, and I keep a wine-shop in Saint Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me.'

'My wife came to your house to reclaim her father? Yes!'

Defarge asked with sudden impatience: 'Why did you come to France?'

'You heard me say why a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth?'

'A bad truth for you,' said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows.

'Indeed I am lost here. All here is so changed, so sudden and unfair, that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?'

'None.' Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him.

'In this prison that I am going to so unjustly shall I have communication with the world outside?'

'You will see.'

'I am not to be buried there without any means of presenting my case?'

'You will see. Other people have been similarly buried in worse prisons before now.'

'But never by me, Citizen Defarge.'

Defarge glanced darkly at him for answer, and walked on in a steady silence.

Soon he arrived at the prison of La Force.

Through the dismal prison twilight the gaoler accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors clanging and locking behind them, until they came into a large, low, vaulted chamber, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The women were seated at a long table, reading and writing, knitting, sewing, and embroidering; the men were for the most part standing behind their chairs, or walking up and down the room.

The new-comer recoiled from this company. But the prisoners rose to receive him with every courtesy and refinement of manner. Here in this dark and filthy prison was the flower of beauty, of stateliness, of elegance, of pride, and of high-breeding.

'In the name of those who are here assembled in misfortune,' said a gentleman of courtly appearance, 'I have the honour of giving you welcome to La Force, and of expressing our sorrow at the calamity that has brought you among us. May it soon end happily! May we ask your name and condition?'

Darnay roused himself, and gave the required information, in words as suitable as he could find.

'But I hope,' said the gentleman, 'that you are not in secret?'

'I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so.'

'Ah, what a pity! We so much regret it! But take courage; several members of our society have been in secret, at first, and it has lasted but a short time.' Then he added, raising his voice, 'I grieve to inform the society—in secret.'

There was a murmur of sympathy as Charles Darnay crossed the room to a grated door where the gaoler awaited him, and many voices—among which the soft and compassionate voices of women were conspicuous—gave him good wishes and encouragement. He turned at the grated door to speak his thanks and passed on to his lonely cell.

CHAPTER II

MASSACRE

TELLSON'S BANK, in Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a court-yard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. The house belonged to a great nobleman who had lived in it until, in his own cook's dress, he made a flight from the troubles and got across the borders. The house had been confiscated, and was used for public purposes by the citizen-patriots. Tellson's wing therefore had a peculiar safety. Mr. Lorry was sitting in his rooms on the night of September 3, reflecting thankfully that he had no friend in danger amidst the terrors of that dreadful city. For a new revolutionary power—the Paris Commune, elected by the people—had usurped the government of Paris: its police, its prisons, and its barriers. All persons suspected to be aristocrats or to have aristocratic sympathies were imprisoned, and a tribunal was appointed to decree summary justice. In a panic of frenzy at the defeat of the French army in the field, which was largely due to treachery, started, on September 2, those ruthless murders of suspected persons from the prisons which are known to history as the September massacres.

Mr. Lorry's thoughts were interrupted by the sounding of the bell at the great gate. He thought at first that it was a band of ruffians coming to sharpen their weapons at the great grindstone in the court-yard; but there was no loud tumult, and in a minute his door opened, and in rushed two figures—Lucie Manette and her father.

'What is this?' cried Mr. Lorry. 'What is the matter? What has happened? What has brought you here?'

Falling into his arms, she cried: 'My husband is in Paris!'

'Here, in Paris?'

'Has been here some days—three or four—I don't know how many. An errand of generosity brought him

here unknown to us ; he was stopped at the barrier and sent to prison.'

The old man uttered a cry. Almost at the same moment the bell of the great gate rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the court-yard.

'What is that noise ?' said the Doctor, turning towards the window.

'Don't look !' cried Mr. Lorry. 'Don't look out !'

The Doctor turned, with his hands upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile :

'My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastille, would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces or carry me in triumph. My old suffering has given me a power that has brought us through the barrier, and gained us news of Charles there, and brought us here. I knew it would be so ; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger ; I told Lucie so.—What is that noise ?' His hand was again upon the window.

'Don't look !' cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. 'No, Lucie, my dear, nor you ! Don't be so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles ; that I had no suspicion even of his being in this fatal place. What prison is he in ?'

'La Force !'

'La Force ! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life—and you were always both—you will compose yourself now to do exactly as I bid you, for more depends upon it than you can think. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night ; you cannot possibly stir out. I say this because what I must bid you do for Charles's sake is the hardest thing to do of all. You must be obedient and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here, and leave your father and me alone for a few minutes.'

The old man hurried her into his room, then came hurrying back to the Doctor, and opened the window and

partly opened the blind, and looked out with him into the court-yard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women : not enough in number to fill the court-yard, not more than forty or fifty in all. They had rushed in to work at the grindstone ; it had evidently been set up there for their purpose, as in a convenient and retired spot.

But such awful workers, and such awful work !

The grindstone had a double handle, and turning at it madly were two men, whose faces were more horrible and cruel than those of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. There was not one creature in the group free from the smear of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone were men stripped to the waist, with stain of blood all over their limbs and bodies ; men in all sorts of rags, with the stain upon those rags. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. Every minute a man snatched his weapon from the grindstone and rushed out into the street like a wild beast that has tasted blood and is mad for more. They drew back from the window, and the Doctor looked for explanation in his friend's face.

' They are murdering the prisoners,' Mr. Lorry whispered. ' If you are sure of what you say ; if you really have the power you think you have, make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. Do not waste a minute ! '

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bare-headed out of the room, and was in the court-yard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the confidence of his manner carried him in an instant to the heart of the gathering at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice ; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, hurried out with cries of—' Live the Bastille prisoner ! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force ! Room for the Bastille prisoner

in front there ! Save the prisoner Evrémonde at La Force !'

He closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband.

CHAPTER III

SUSPENSE

THE following evening a messenger, who was no other than Defarge, brought to Mr. Lorry a short note in the Doctor's writing from the prison of La Force :

'Charles is safe, but I cannot leave this place yet. The bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let him see her.'

As they set off to find Lucie's lodging they found two women in the court-yard, one knitting.

'Madame Defarge, surely !' exclaimed Mr. Lorry. 'Is she coming with us ?' he asked, seeing that she followed them.

'Yes, that she may be able to recognize them. It is for their safety.'

Mr. Lorry looked doubtfully at Defarge, but led the way ; and soon Lucie was reading her husband's note :

'Dearest,—Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this.'

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it, that she turned to Defarge's wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a loving, thankful, womanly action, but the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check. She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the lifted eyebrows and forehead with a cold, impassive stare.

'My dear,' said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain, 'there are frequent risings in the street; and although it is not likely they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, so that she may know them. I believe,' said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his reassuring words, as the stony manner of the visitors impressed itself upon him more and more, 'I state the case, Citizen Defarge?'

Defarge looked gloomily at his wife, and gave a gruff 'Yes.'

'Is that his child?' said Madame Defarge, pointing at the child that had been brought in by Miss Pross, the big red-haired woman who had been Lucie's faithful attendant from infancy.

Mr. Lorry replied that it was.

'It is enough, my husband,' said Madame Defarge. 'I have seen them. We may go.'

But her manner was so little reassuring that Lucie laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress:

'You will be good to my poor husband? You will do him no harm?'

'Your husband is not my business here,' returned Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. 'It is the daughter of your father who is my business.'

'For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake!'

'What is it that your husband says in that little letter?' asked Madame Defarge. 'He says something about influence?'

'That my father,' said Lucie, 'has much influence around him.'

'Surely it will release him!' said Madame Defarge. 'Let it do so.'

'As a wife and mother,' cried Lucie, most earnestly, 'I implore you to have pity on me and not to exercise any power that you possess against my innocent husband, but to use it in his behalf.'

Madame Defarge looked, coldly as ever, at the suppliant, and said, turning to her friend The Vengeance :

' The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and much less, have not been greatly considered ? We have known *their* husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them, often enough ? All our lives we have seen our sister-women suffer, in themselves and in their children, poverty, hunger, sickness, misery, oppression, and neglect of all kinds ? '

' We have seen nothing else,' returned The Vengeance.

' We have borne this a long time,' said Madame Defarge, turning her eyes again upon Lucie. ' Judge you ! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now ? '

She resumed her knitting and went out. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

Doctor Manette did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. So much of what had happened in that dreadful time was kept from the knowledge of Lucie that not until long afterwards did she know that eleven hundred defenceless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace ; that four days and nights had been darkened by this deed of horror ; and that the air around her had been tainted by the slain. She only knew that there had been an attack upon the prisons, that all political prisoners had been in danger, and that some had been dragged out by the crowd and murdered.

To Mr. Lorry the Doctor related that the crowd had taken him through a scene of terrible bloodshed to the prison of La Force. That in the prison he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. That, presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and unaccused prisoner

in the Bastille ; that one of the body so sitting in judgement had risen and identified him, and that this man was Defarge.

That he had ascertained, through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners, and had pleaded hard to the Tribunal for his life and liberty. That in the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been granted to him to have Charles Darnay brought before the Court and examined. That he seemed on the point of being at once released, when the tide in his favour met with some unexplained check which led to a few words of secret conference. That the man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held unharmed in safe custody. That immediately the prisoner was removed to the interior of the prison again ; but that he, the Doctor, had then so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son-in-law was, through no malice or mischance, delivered to the crowd, whose murderous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings, that he had obtained permission, and had remained in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over.

Dr. Manette devoted himself to working as a physician amongst all classes, loved by all and suspected by none. He used his personal influence so wisely that he was soon the inspecting physician of three prisons, and among them of La Force. He could therefore now assure Lucie that her husband was no longer confined alone, but was mixed with the general body of prisoners ; he saw her husband weekly, and brought her messages from him.

But Charles Darnay lay in prison for a year and three months. Though the Doctor never ceased trying to get him set at liberty the public current of the time had set too strong against him. A new era had begun : France was made a Republic, the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—or Death ; the King was tried for treason

against the people, condemned, and executed by the guillotine. A Revolutionary Tribunal was set up, a court with extraordinary powers to try summarily all charged with hostility to the state and nation ; a Committee of General Security and a Committee of Public Safety to hunt down and punish political crime. A Law of Suspects empowered the government to imprison any one who was suspected and denounced. The Reign of Terror had set in.

One year and three months. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. Every day, through the stony streets, the tumbrils now jolted heavily, filled with condemned. Lovely girls, bright women, youths, stalwart men and old, gentle born and peasant born : all for La Guillotine, all daily brought into light from the dark cellars of the loathsome prisons. Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death ; —the last much the easiest to bestow, O Guillotine !

The only consolation was that on some days at three o'clock Charles could look out from an upper window ; and, although she could not see him, Lucie used to walk in a certain place every day and in all weathers from two until four o'clock.

At last, on returning from her afternoon walk one day, the Doctor could inform her that Charles was summoned for trial on the next day.

They went to give the news to Mr. Lorry. As they entered he hurried some visitor into an inner room, evidently anxious that they should not see the owner of the riding-coat that lay on one of his chairs.

CHAPTER IV

TRIUMPH

THE dread Tribunal of five Judges, Public Prosecutor, and determined Jury, sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the gaolers of the various prisons to their prisoners. The list for La Force was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the massacre; every human creature he had since cared for and parted with had died on the scaffold.

After fifteen prisoners had been condemned in an hour and a half Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was summoned. His judges sat upon the Bench in feathered hats; but the rough red cap and tricoloured cockade was the head-dress otherwise prevailing. Looking at the Jury and the turbulent audience, he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed, and that the felons were trying the honest men. The lowest, cruellest, and worst populace of a city, never without its quantity of low, cruel, and bad, were the directing spirits of the scene: noisily commenting, applauding, and disapproving. Of the men the greater part were armed in various ways; of the women some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, many knitted. Among these last was one with a spare piece of knitting under her arm as she worked. She was in a front row by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear, and that she seemed to be his wife; but what he most noticed in the two figures was that, although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked towards him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the Jury, but at nothing else.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of Death. It was nothing that the decree was dated ~~since~~ his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree; he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

'Take off his head!' cried the audience. 'An enemy to the Republic!'

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law, because he had of his own free will given up a title that was distasteful to him, and a position that was distasteful to him, and had left his country—before the word emigrant in the present sense was in use—to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overlaiden people of France.

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses: Théophile Gabelle and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England? the President reminded him.

True, but not an Englishwoman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

'Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there.'

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in honour of the well-known good physician rent the hall. So capriciously were the people moved that tears immediately rolled down several fierce countenances, which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impatience to drag him out into the streets and kill him.

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner ?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned ; whereas in England he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal risk, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic ?

The populace cried enthusiastically, 'No !' and the President rang his bell to quiet them.

The President required the name of that citizen ? The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which would be found among the papers then before the President.

It was produced and read ; Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression. He showed that the accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment ; that the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile ; that, so far from being in favour with the Aristocrat government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and friend of the United States. As he gave this evidence, with the straightforward force of truth and earnestness, the Jury and the populace became one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who, like himself, had been a witness on that English trial and could confirm his account of it, the Jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes if the President were content to receive them.

TRIUMPH

At every vote (the Jurymen voted aloud and individually) the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favour, and the President declared him free.

CHAPTER V

DESPAIR

On the evening after Darnay's acquittal the Manette family was wondering how soon it would be possible to leave Paris. Miss Pross, Lucie's stalwart, red-haired attendant, and Jerry Cruncher, the door-porter of Tellson's Bank, who had come over in attendance on Mr. Lorry and was now attached to the Manette household, were out on their daily expedition to buy food and wine. Darnay, Lucie, and her father were sitting quietly awaiting Mr. Lorry's evening visit when suddenly strange footsteps were heard on the steps and a blow was struck on the door. The Doctor opened the door and four rough men in red caps entered the room.

'Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay,' said the first, 'you are again the prisoner of the Republic.'

'Tell me why I am again a prisoner,' said Darnay.

'You will know when you are summoned to-morrow,' he replied. 'You are denounced in the section of St. Antoine.'

'One word,' interposed the Doctor. 'Will you tell me who denounced him?'

'Well! it is against the rule. But he is denounced by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other.'

'What other?'

'Do you ask, Citizen Doctor?' said the first in surprise, emphasizing the 'you.'

'Yes.'

'Then,' replied the man, with a strange look, 'you will all know to-morrow. I will say no more now.' And Darnay was led away.

CHAPTER VI

SYDNEY CARTON TALKS TO THE SPY

MEANWHILE, unconscious of the new blow that had fallen on their household, Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher threaded their way through narrow streets in quest of food. Having made their small purchases they turned finally into a wine-shop that looked quieter than others. While their wine was being measured out a man rose from a corner and turned to depart. In doing so he came face to face with Miss Pross; and immediately Miss Pross uttered a scream, and after recovering from her surprise addressed him affectionately by the name of Solomon.

This Solomon was a brother of Miss Pross, yet the recognition did not seem to please him in any way. While he was hurrying his sister out of the shop, and explaining that he was now what he called an 'official', and that she was endangering his life, Jerry Cruncher regarded him closely and curiously, and finally asked the favour of an explanation as to his name.

'She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister; but I know you used to be called John, over in England. And your other name wasn't Pross before, though I can't remember now what it was.'

'Barsad,' said another voice, striking in.

This speaker was Sydney Carton, who informed Miss Pross that he had arrived on the previous evening, and that he had discovered from his conversation in the wine-shop that her brother (who was no other than the Barsad who had manufactured the evidence against Darnay in the trial at Old Bailey, and had since been used by the late aristocratic government as a spy upon the discontented quarter of Saint Antoine) was now a spy upon the prisoners of the Republic.

When Sydney Carton suggested that Barsad should accompany him to Mr. Lorry's house the spy saw that

Carton knew so much about him that it would not be safe to refuse.

As Carton told Mr. Lorry, it was unlikely that the Doctor's influence could save Darnay a second time ; and it would therefore be wise to set about making preparations at once, if Darnay was by any means to be saved. It seemed that he had his own plans ready even then, for he had heard of the denunciation before the arrest had actually occurred. It was further evident that his plans reckoned on the help of Barsad, who was trusted at times with the keys of the Conciergerie prison in order to carry on his spying. But the actual nature of his plans Carton would not confide even to Mr. Lorry. He gave strict injunctions that the Doctor should use his influence to procure at once travelling papers for himself and Lucie and her child. Mr. Lorry, having completed his business, had already furnished himself with a pass.

Barsad, of course, was not willing to risk his own life in aiding the friends of Darnay. But Carton showed him that there were so many suspicious circumstances against him, such as his living under a false name, his having been employed as spy by the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France, that if he were denounced as a foe to the Republic he would be in very grave danger from the guillotine. He himself knew that there were other things which might be said if he were up for trial ; and he remembered the terrible Madame Defarge and her knitting, and how she had seen through his spying on Saint Antoine for the police under the lately overthrown government. It hardly needed, then, Carton's recognition of Cly, who had been Barsad's partner in treachery, and his assurance that Barsad would be in no personal danger, to induce him to lend his help.

CHAPTER VII

DARNAY'S LAST TRIAL

ON the next day, before the same unjust Tribunal, where there was little or no order of procedure that ensured prisoners any reasonable chance of a fair hearing, Charles Darnay was again brought up for trial. He was denounced as an aristocrat and enemy of the Republic, one of an infamous family of tyrants.

In reply to the President the Public Prosecutor said that the accused was openly denounced by three citizens :

Ernest Defarge, wine-seller of St. Antoine ;

Thérèse Defarge, his wife ;

Alexandre Manette, physician.

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

'President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life.'

'Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of Law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic.'

Loud applause hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell, and with warmth resumed.

'If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the meanwhile be silent !'

Frantic applause was again raised. Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling ; his daughter drew closer to him.

Defarge was produced when the court was quiet enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly told the story of the imprisonment, and of his having been a mere boy in

the Doctor's service, and of the release from the Bastille and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

'You did good service at the taking of the Bastille, citizen?'

'I believe so.'

Here an excited woman screamed from the crowd: 'You were one of the best patriots there, and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell. Patriots, I speak the truth!'

It was The Vengeance who, amidst the encouragement of the audience, thus assisted the proceedings. The President rang his bell; but The Vengeance, warming with encouragement, shrieked, 'I defy that bell!' and again called forth applause.

'Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille, citizen.'

'I knew,' said Defarge, 'that this prisoner of whom I speak had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of the Jury, directed by a gaoler. I examine it very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper. This is that written paper. I have taken care to examine some specimens of the handwriting of Dr. Manette. This is undoubtedly his own handwriting.'

'Let it be read,' said the President.

In a dead silence the paper was read.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

' I, ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais, and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I intend to hide it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact—and that I write the truth.

' One cloudy moonlight night, at the end of December in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine at an hour's distance from my residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

' The carriage stopped and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. As they stood side by side near the carriage door I observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

" " You are Doctor Manette ? " said one.

" " I am."

" " Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais," said the other ; " the young physician who within the last year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris ? "

" " Gentlemen," I returned, " I am that Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously."

" "We have been to your residence," said the first, "and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?"

"The manner of both was commanding, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. I was not.

" "Gentlemen," said I, "pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned."

" "Doctor, your clients are people of high birth. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?"

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence. They both entered after me; the carriage turned about, and drove on at its former speed.

"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. A few miles from the Barrier it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a soft footpath in a garden, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it with his heavy riding-glove, across the face.

"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more often than dogs. But the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was

conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

'The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearings of a Noble, and the letter E.

'I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, "My husband, my father, and my brother!" and then counted up to twelve, and said, "Hush!" For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, "My husband, my father, and my brother!" and would count up to twelve, and say "Hush!" There was no variation in the order or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

"How long," I asked, "has this lasted?"

"Since about this hour last night," was the reply.

"She has some recent association with the number twelve?" I asked.

"With twelve o'clock," one of the brothers informed me.

'When I had given her a narcotic, and had sat with her for half an hour watching the effect, one of the brothers said:

"There is another patient."

'I asked, "Is it a pressing case?"

"You had better see," he carelessly answered, and took up a light.

'The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable.

'On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of

not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

"I am a doctor, my poor fellow," said I. "Let me examine it."

"I do not want it examined," he answered; "let it be."

'It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. The wound was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother I saw him looking down at this handsome boy, whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

"How has this been done, monsieur?" said I.

"A crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword—like a gentleman."

'There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or humanity in this answer.

'The boy's eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

"Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. Have you seen her, Doctor?"

'The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance.

'I said, "I have seen her."

"She is my sister, Doctor. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too: a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man's who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race."

'It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak.

"We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed, and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for was that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!

"Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage. She had not been married many weeks when that man's brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us! He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated the brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then do, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her willing?"

"The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another, I can see, even in this Bastille; the gentleman's, all negligent indifference; the peasant's, all trodden-down sentiment, and passionate revenge.

"You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day. But he was not persuaded.

No! Taken out of harness one day at noon, to food—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.

“Then, with that man’s permission and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother—and what that is will not be long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away for his pleasure for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home our father’s heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be *his* vassal. Then I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand.”

‘I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

“She heard me, and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw his sword. Let him break into as many pieces as he will the sword that he stained with my common blood, he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life.”

‘My glance had fallen, but a few moments before, on the fragments of a broken sword lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman’s. In another place lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier’s.

“Now, lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?”

“He is not here,” I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

“He! Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn my face to him.”

‘I did so, raising the boy’s head against my knee. The boy cursed him, and dropped back dead.

'When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order and words. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

'Twenty-six hours passed from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by-and-by she sank into unconsciousness, and lay like one dead.

"Is she dead?" asked the Marquis.

"Not dead," said I; "but about to die."

"What strength there is in these common bodies!" he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

"There is prodigious strength," I answered him, "in sorrow and despair."

'He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, and said in a subdued voice:

"Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these dogs, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here are things to be seen and not spoken of."

"Monsieur," said I, "in my profession the communications of patients are always received in confidence." I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind with what I had heard and seen.

'After two days she died. They offered me money, but I had resolved to accept nothing. They bowed to me as I left, and we parted without another word.

'Early in the morning the gold I had refused was sent to me. I anxiously considered what I ought to do, and decided to write privately to the Minister, stating what had occurred. I knew that they would have influence at Court and that no action would be taken, but I wished to relieve my mind.

'As I finished the letter on the following day a lady came to see me, who presented herself as the wife of the Marquis

St. Evrémonde. I at once connected the name with the title by which the boy had addressed one of the brothers, and with the initial "E" embroidered on the scarf.

She had suspected and in part discovered the main facts of the cruel story; and, not knowing that the girl was dead, hoped to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy, and so to avert the wrath of Heaven from a family that had long been hateful to the suffering people.

She had found that there was a young sister living, and desired to help that sister, if I could tell her name and where she lived; but I could do neither.

She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother distrusted and disliked her; she stood in dread of him, and of her husband too. When I accompanied her down to the door there was a boy, from two to three years old, in her carriage.

"For his sake, Doctor," she said, pointing to him in tears, "I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. What I have left to call my own I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered."

She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, "It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?" The child answered her bravely "Yes!" I kissed her hand and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and delivered it myself that day.

That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, upstairs.

An urgent case in the Rue St. Honoré, he said. It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house a muffler was drawn tightly over

my mouth from behind, and my arms were bound. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, the Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave.

'And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth.'

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time. In the court, as the jury prepared to vote, all was wild excitement, patriotic fervour, not a touch of human sympathy.

'Much influence around him, has that Doctor?' murmured Madame Defarge ironically to The Vengeance. 'Save him now, my Doctor, save him!'

At every jurymen's vote there was a roar. Another and another. Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an Aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious oppressor of the People. Back to the Conciergerie, and Death within four-and-twenty hours!

CHAPTER IX

CARTON HEARS OF NEW DANGER

THAT evening Sydney Carton found the wine-shop of Defarge, walked in and asked for a small glass of wine, deliberately speaking in bad, broken French.

'English?' asked Madame Defarge.

After looking as if he hardly understood her, he replied in a strong English accent.

He then took his seat, took up a French newspaper, and pretended to be puzzling out its meaning as one would who knew very little of the language.

Jacques Three and The Vengeance were the only other customers in the shop; and, fearing nothing from the stranger who apparently knew so little French, they continued their conversation.

'Well, well,' Defarge was saying, 'one must stop somewhere.'

'We must stop only at extermination,' said his wife; and the other two approved.

'But the Doctor has suffered much, and the anguish of his daughter will be terrible to him.'

'If it depended on thee,' replied madame to her husband, 'I believe thou wouldst rescue this man.'

'No, not I,' protested Defarge. 'But I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there.'

'Listen! For other crimes as tyrants and oppressors I have had this race a long time on my register, doomed to destruction and extermination. Ask my husband, is that so?'

'It is so,' assented Defarge.

'On the day when the Bastille fell we read the paper written by the Doctor. That night I told him of my secret. That peasant family so injured by the two Evrémonde brothers, as that Bastille paper describes, was my family. That sister of the mortally wounded boy was my sister, that husband was my sister's husband, that brother was my brother, that father was my father. Ask him, is that so?'

'It is so,' assented Defarge once more.

'Then tell Wind and Fire where to stop,' returned madame; 'but don't tell me.'

Both her hearers derived a horrible enjoyment from the deadly nature of her wrath, and both highly commended it. Defarge interposed a few words for the memory of the compassionate wife of the Marquis; but his wife merely repeated her last reply. 'Tell the Wind and the Fire where to stop; not me!'

From what he thus heard in the wine-shop, and from what the spy Barsad told him, Carton discovered that Lucie and her child would be denounced by Madame Defarge—for not unless this were done would the Evrémonde family be exterminated according to her vow. Evidence would be given that she had been seen making signals outside the prison, that it was a plot to rescue a prisoner; furthermore, that she would certainly mourn for her husband, and it was a capital crime to mourn for and sympathize with a victim of the guillotine.

Carton therefore exhorted Mr. Lorry to keep in his own possession, not merely his own passport, but those for Doctor Manette, Lucie, and the child; and the one that allowed 'Sydney Carton, advocate, English' to pass out.

'You have money, and can buy the means of travelling to the sea-coast as quickly as the journey can be made. Your preparations have been completed for some days to return to England. Early to-morrow have your horses ready, so that they may be in starting trim at two o'clock in the afternoon.'

CHAPTER X

THE SACRIFICE

IN the dark prison of the Conciergerie the doomed prisoners awaited their fate. Darnay spent what was to be his last evening in writing letters.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery until the paper had been read. He explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had given up was the one condition—fully intelligible now—that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of

their marriage. After begging her to console her father, he tenderly blessed her and bade farewell. He also wrote to Dr. Manette and to Mr. Lorry. He never thought of Carton. His mind was so full of the others that he never once thought of him.

The executions were fixed for three o'clock, and, as the tumbrils went but slowly through the streets, the prisoners would leave at two.

At one o'clock he heard footsteps in the stone passage outside the door.

The key was put in the lock, and turned.

The door was quickly opened, and closed, and there stood before him, with the light of a smile on his features, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look that, for the first moment, the prisoner imagined him to be an apparition. But he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

'Of all the people upon earth you least expected to see me?' he said.

'I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not'—the fear came suddenly into his mind—'a prisoner?'

'No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from your wife; I bring you a request from her.'

'What is it?'

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

'You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must obey without question—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine.'

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him, barefoot.

'Draw on these boots of mine. Quick!

'Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it cannot be done. You will only die with me. It is madness.'

'It might be madness if I asked you to escape ; but do I ? Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine !'

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength both of will and action that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

'Carton ! Dear Carton ! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted and has always failed.'

'I have not yet suggested that you can escape. Will you write down what I dictate ?'

Darnay sat at the table and Carton stood close behind him, and held something close to the writer's face. After a minute the pen dropped from Darnay's fingers, and he looked about him vacantly.

'What vapour is that ?' he asked.

'I am conscious of no vapour ; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry !'

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. He looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing.

'Hurry, hurry !'

The prisoner bent over the paper once more ; Carton's hand was suddenly placed over his nostrils. The drug did its work quickly. For a few seconds he feebly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him , but within a minute or so he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called, 'Come in !' and the Spy Barsad presented himself.

'You see ?' said Carton ; 'is your risk very great ?'

'Mr. Carton,' the Spy answered, 'there is no risk if you are true to the whole of your promise.'



THE DRUG DID ITS WORK QUICKLY

'Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here please God! Now, get help and take me to the coach.'

'You?' said the Spy nervously.

'Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?'

'Of course.'

'Say that I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often. Your life is in your own hands Quick! Call assistance!

'Take him to the court-yard you know of, place him in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and drive away!'

The Spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men. They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

'The time is short, Evrémonde,' said the Spy, in a warning voice.

'I know it well,' answered Carton. 'Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me.'

'Come, then, my men,' said Barsad.

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. He listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clock struck two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he knew their meaning, then began to be heard. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A gaoler, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, 'Follow me, Evrémonde!' and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the

shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but these were few. After he had been in a few moments a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of colour, and large patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

'Citizen Evrémonde,' she said, touching him with her cold hand. 'I am the poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force.'

He murmured for answer: 'True, I forget what you were accused of?'

'Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?'

The forlorn smile with which she said it so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

'I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic which is to do so much good to us poor will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor weak little creature!'

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

'I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true?'

'It was. But I was again taken and condemned.'

'If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage.'

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. To warn her not to cry out at her discovery that he was not Darnay, he pressed the young fingers and touched her lips

'Are you dying for him?' she whispered.

'And his wife and child. Hush! Yes.'

'O you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger ?'
'Hush ! Yes, my poor friend ; to the last.'

At the same moment a coach drove up to the Barrier. The travelling papers are handed out.

Alexandre Manette. Physician. French.

Lucie, his daughter. French.

Lucie, her child. English.

Sydney Carton. Advocate. English.

Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English.

The English advocate seemed to be in a swoon ; but the examination was satisfactory, and the coach left Paris behind. The first danger was past.

CHAPTER XI

RETRIBUTION

At the same moment, in another part of Paris, another act of the tragedy drew to its end. Madame Defarge was holding council with The Vengeance and Jacques Thre's ; not in the wine-shop, but in the shed of a little wood-sawyer, who had formerly been a mender of roads.

'My husband,' she was saying, 'is a good Republican and a bold man ; he has deserved well of the Republic and possesses its confidence. But he has his weaknesses, and he relents towards this Doctor and his daughter. I care nothing about the Doctor ; I have not my husband's reason for regarding him with sympathy ; and he has not my reason for wishing to annihilate the Evrémonde family. But it must be exterminated ; the wife and child must follow the husband. The little sawyer here is ready to swear that he saw them making signals to the prisoners. They must be denounced this very evening, lest they escape.'

With devilish cunning she declared her intention to strengthen her case against the wife of Darnay by visiting

her house, to hear what things she would say against those who had condemned her husband.

'She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Republic. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her.'

'Admirable!' exclaimed Jacques Three rapturously.

'Take you my knitting,' said Madame Defarge to The Vengeance, 'and have it ready for me in my usual seat near the guillotine. Go you there, straight, for there will probably be a greater crowd than usual to-day.'

'You will not be late?' said The Vengeance.

'I shall be there before the tumbrils arrive,' replied Madame Defarge, as she turned into the street.

There were many women then upon whom the events of the time laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand; but there was not one among them more to be dreaded than this cruel woman now taking her way along the streets. Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, the troubled time would have roused her in any circumstances. But, filled from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and a remorseless hatred of the aristocrats, opportunity had made her a tigress. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her, it had quite gone out of her.

It was nothing to her that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers; she saw, not him, but them. It was nothing to her that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan; that was insufficient punishment, because they were her natural enemies and her prey, and as such had no right to live.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was becoming enough in a certain way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap. Lying hidden in her bosom was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden in her waist was a sharpened dagger. Thus armed, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Now when the journey of the travelling coach, at that very moment starting for the barrier, had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. It was not merely desirable to avoid overloading the coach, but it was of the highest importance that the time occupied in examining it and its passengers should be reduced to the utmost, since their escape might depend on the saving of only a few seconds here and there. Finally he had proposed that Miss Pross and Jerry should leave at three o'clock in a light-wheeled conveyance. Unburdened with luggage, they would soon overtake the coach, and, passing it on the road, would order its horses in advance, and greatly aid its progress during the precious hours of the night, when delay was the most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had seen the coach start, had known who it was that Solomon brought from the prison, had passed some ten minutes in tortures of suspense, and were finishing their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, drew nearer and nearer to the deserted lodging.

'Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher,' said Miss Pross, 'what do you think of our not starting from this court-yard? Another carriage having already gone from here to-day, it might awaken suspicion.'

Mr. Cruncher agreed that she was right, and set out to the posting-house to arrange accordingly, promising to meet Miss Pross near the Cathedral door at three o'clock.

Ten minutes later Miss Pross was startled to see Madame Defarge standing at the open door.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, 'The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?'

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. She knew well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew well that Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy, and she too was a determined woman.

'I have come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her,' said Madame Defarge.

'Your intentions are evil,' said Miss Pross.

Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner what the unintelligible words meant.

'I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!' said Madame Defarge, with a wave of her right arm.

'I little thought,' said Miss Pross, 'that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have to know whether you suspect the truth or any part of it.'

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her, but she now advanced one step. Then she raised her voice and called out, 'Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge!'

The following silence suggested the suspicion that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

'Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look.'

'Never!' said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

'If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back,' said Madame Defarge to herself.

'As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not you are uncertain what to do,' said Miss Pross to *herself*; 'and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you. We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary courtyard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here, while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling,' said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore her face; but Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike and felt for the dagger at her waist. 'It is under my arm,' said Miss Pross, in smothered tones, 'you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you, I bless Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!'

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw the pistol, struck at it; there was a flash and a crash, and she stood alone, blinded with smoke.

Madame Defarge's body lay lifeless at her feet.

When Jerry Cruncher spoke to Miss Pross in the conveyance that was taking them out of Paris she could hear not a word. As the great tumbrils, laden with the doomed, passed near them she heard no sound.

'If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts,' said Mr. Cruncher, 'it's my opinion that she will never hear anything else in this world.'

And indeed she never did. The explosion of the pistol within two inches of her face had deafened her for life.

CHAPTER XII

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS

THE fifty-two doomed prisoners for the day were carried in six tumbrils, which rumbled along over the rough stones of the streets. The cavalry guards who rode alongside were constantly asked by the crowd, 'Which is Evrémonde?' Sydney Carton was standing at the back of the third tumbril with his head bent down, talking with a girl who sat on the side of the cart and held his hand. He cared nothing for the scene round him, but always spoke to her—even when cries were raised against him, 'Down, Evrémonde! To the guillotine all aristocrats!'

In front of the guillotine, seated in chairs, as if at a public amusement, sat a number of women, mostly knitting. On one of the foremost chairs stood The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

'Thérèse! Who had seen her? Thérèse Defarge!'

'She never missed before,' said a knitting-woman.

'No; nor will she miss now,' cried The Vengeance. 'Thérèse.'

'Louder,' the woman recommended.

But no matter how loud they shouted nothing could waken the once terrible Madame Defarge.

The tumbrils arrived, and immediately the crashing of the guillotine began. The women counted as each head was held up.

The third tumbril discharged its passengers. Carton still held the hand of the little seamstress. He gently placed her with her back to the terrible guillotine. She looked bravely into his face and thanked him.

'But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; I think you were sent to me by Heaven.'

'Or you to me,' said Sydney Carton. 'Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object.'

'I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid.'

'They will be rapid. Fear not!'

The crowd of victims had rapidly thinned. Her turn had come. She kissed his lips; he kissed hers. Her small hand did not tremble as he released it; her face was brave to the end. The women counted Twenty-two.

Amid the murmuring of many voices he followed her. His life flashed away. Twenty-three.

If he had been able to see into the future he would have seen the lives for which he gave his own passing peacefully and happily to their end; his memory honoured and held sacred by Charles Darnay and Lucie and their descendants, and his name borne by a son who gained a high position in his own profession.

If his thoughts at the last moment could have been recorded they would have been:

'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.'

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